Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

Lines to Miss R. D. on leaving Philadelphia.

Farewell, maiden fair!—the sad sigh ere we part,
In unison rushes with grief from my heart,
As that soon gay proud vessel will sweep
With pinions like swans o'er the dark rolling deep.
While on waves tossed your respondent will rise,
And find in the storm scene the light from thine eyes;
Which buoys as nature in hope and in trust,
Love has overshaken his gentle head o'er the scene,
And generally low to the billows wild song,
To subdued lessons when waves along;
While you hear by soft strings of enchantment is heard,
And the moon sheds her tremulous glory around,
And the fleecy clouds gorgeously burst on your sight,
Like a shadow placed on the brow of the night.
And the stars in the firmament sparkle above,
Like the numerous flames from the eyes that we love,
In the time when your hearts warmest feelings will beam
On the ocean blue verge to your dear native home,
And the cheerful notes of the fatherless wind
Seem to sigh for the friends you are leaving behind;
While thoughts from your bosom o'er wander along,
On the notes which so gladden the sad wail of song!
Whose poem excites the fondest mood told by art,
In the language of truth as it flows from the heart,
And when prints the mild tones in woman's soft eye,
The most true bright radiant truth finds their shrine!
And he feeling and tenderness makes her divine,
To the mother may we love to be shrine!
To the wives with virtue and gentleness given,
Which a halo of light o'er our pathway in heaven;
Without her the world were barren and lone,
Like the darkness in the dungeon, no balm in the air,
To her smiles that illumine life's deep gloom,
And sheds bliss on Eden around us to bloom;
To her who inspires the patriot's blaze,
To cement the bonds of our union and ways
The wise, gentle mind, and whatever you were,
May you still meet with confidence fond hearts that you love,
May fate stand around you as sentries and its thousands,
May the heaven smile for you in mild orange showers,
May Columbia's mild blessing be lavished on thee,
And love's tender offerings be strewn round thy shrine,
Alas! with such hopes it can never be mine!
But there are some feelings no language can tell—
Again, gentle B. fare thee well, fare thee well. M—n.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

"Man is unlucky as like a flower
Flower to his native bed." "The flower alone
He breathes was shed in full bloom
Shines on, flower only needs their proper use."
Cowper.

These are not two individuals of the human species having precisely the same moral features—whose feelings on one subject are the same—who always think in the same way—who see the same things in the same light, nor that have the same ideas, nor consequently, the same mode of conduct. The human mind may be compared to an instrument of which the cords are different from each other, either in construction or quality, that are strung in different tones; when struck by an equal and the same impulse, each cord gives the sound it was intended to produce. The diversity there exists among human beings, creates the variety of character, and the source of all social enjoyments. Were all men endowed with the same talents and dispositions, they would not need the assistance of each other but would live in an isolated and selfish state of existence. Let them then be thankful to Divine Providence, that by this inequality and the impossibility in which they are placed of effectually procuring their own felicity and wishes, they are placed in the necessity of assisting each other and depending on their fellow creatures—of meriting their assistance and of enjoying the pleasure of extending their own to others, in a degree smaller or greater, according to natural capacity, or the existing circumstances of opportunity. E.

From the New York Weekly Messenger.

MY SISTER'S DEATH.

I shall remember *that night*, always—calm, still, beautiful as it was, and sacred to *her* memory, whom by heart—(but a truce of reverie.) The sun was shedding his last red beams on a hot August day. An old poplar by the window was rustling in a gust of air from the cool ocean, while every plant and shrub shook itself with significant welcome, as the bright breeze distilled its dusty leaves. My sister Harriet had lain all day oppressed by the heat, and evidently sinking fast beneath the weight of languor and disease. More than once I had thought it was all over, and involuntarily started as I heard a low sweet voice, saying, Brother, place me by the window, that I may look once more upon His works, and bathe my burning brow once more in the fresh air; it is the last time. I feared her exposure to the wind, for we wrap the sick bed with curtains, and forbid the light or air of heaven to stir their folds; but when nature has finished her work, and life becomes *almost a time* that was, it were cruel to forbid the parting spirit one last look upon the earth. So, covering my voice with her shawl, I placed her as she desired. After glancing at her room with its ominous furniture of phials and drugs—Brother, said she, thou have done all they could. Love has striven hard with death; but, is it right, Henry, to withstand him that numbereth our days? Come very near me, brother, I must leave you; oh, it is very painful. I am afraid to think of my mother and you. When I am gone, cherish the little garden of flowers for my sake, and our bird too; poor thing, he will miss the hand that fed him. And—brother—plant my geranium over my grave, and remember as you look on it, the happy years we have passed. Henry, do not weep. But! our mother—who shall comfort her! Henry, you are a boy, you can control grief; be every thing to her; be more than we have both been. Tell her we shall meet in heaven. Tell her—but no,—I speak wrong. She *will* find consolation in God. Controling myself with difficulty, I said, Sister, will you lie down again, you will weary yourself beyond hope of recovery. A serene brightness came over her countenance as she replied—Look at me, Henry, I am not weary, I am not agitated, but I *am*—dying. I must sit erect now; it is but for once. I am calm. "He hath made his grace sufficient for me." I am unloosing the bands of earth from my soul. Look forth now. See where we used to gather violets, and yonder in the thick pines our green bower, with its wreathing honey-suckle which we taught to climb on those old limbs. Do you remember, brother, how the rude wind tore it down once, yet it is beautiful as ever, now; so shall it be with me. See, too, our garden; the morning glories are all closed, and the roses have shed their leaves; but oh! look, (the pressure of my hand,) that "*Star of Bethlehem*," is in full bloom. How its snowy leaves contrast with the other flowers. Hush! now, the canary! His night song attunes well with the joy of nature; he cannot know that he is singing my,—my!—how beautiful the earth is to-night; unusually lovely. Those rays of the sunset have a strange glory, as they part over the hill tops and the aerial splendor of those old woods. See you that band of light; it seems to rest on you barren rock; it is an emblem that the path of glory may be through loneliness and desolation. When you sit in this arm chair, Henry, or train the flowers, I know you will feel desolate; but remember I go where the flowers fade not—where the sun goes not down forever. When you are not think of my last words. We shall meet again; remember as you look on the quiet stars that your sister is in *His* presence, who clothed them with glory, and as you read of Jesus, think of me, as in the midst of Seraphim and Saints, singing the anthem of the redeemed. Comfort our mother, too, with these words. She taught me to lean on Jesus, and I know he will not forsake her in the hour of agony. I have only one pang now,—It is, that she is not here to see me,—die. Oh! how her heart will sink when she hears of this. Only a week since, and I leaped out so full of life, to wish her a happy journey,—and now—! Oh! God! temper thy chastisement in mercy, that she may say—It is the Lord. Kiss me, Henry; I must forget the earth now; it is wrong to carry it to the gate of heaven.

Again and again, I embraced her, and stepping aside could not refrain from weeping bitterly. Soon a low sound broke the silence, inarticulate, but full of earnest expression, as if the soul were pleading for strength in the awful conflict. A moment more, and she sung, with delicate sweetness,

Now, adieu, ye cares of gladness,
Earthly wishes I need no more,
But—without a fear of sadness
I can leave thee, oh my home.
I am ready—Lord, I come.

What though darkness, pain, and sorrow,
Concentrate my early doom?
What though dying moments borrow,
Fear of shadows from the tomb?
Light immortal,
Soon shall dissipate the gloom.

See! unnumbered angels flinging,
Golden crowns before his throne,
Hark! the ransomed spirits singing
Notes, to mortal ears, unknown.
Then art worthy,
Jesus—Saviour—thou alone.

Loosening bonds of nature, sever;
Oh! for morning like a dove,
Heavenly wings to soar forever,
With angelic hosts above.
Singing glory,
Glory,—to redeeming love.

One sigh followed, not of pain or anguish, but the still parting of immortality and nature.—Could it be death? I kissed her pale brow. It was cold!—cold! But how could it be death? the last note in that hymn had scarcely melted on the air—Harriet! my sister? She answered not. A holy smile lay on those icy lips, and the eyes undimmed by death, gazed mildly up as if they watched the flight of the undying soul. Oh! my sister, a tear will come, as I think of thee, but it is tempered with peace. I would not recall thee, and though I must tread the valley of tears alone—" It is his will—let it be borne."

HEATH.

From the Casket.

THE DEPARTED.

I mourn the lost!—she has pass'd away,
While the blossoms of pleasure illumed her way:
While her cheek, like the blush of the morn, was fair—
Like the rose that breathes to the summer air;
While her breast with the rapture of life was warm,
While every act throned in her gentle form,
While joy was bright in her kindling eye,
She was called, her beauty to droop and die.

Yes—when laughing health fulfil her orbs of blue,
That on all who beheld her their lustre threw;
When smiles were bright on her tempting lip,
Where beauty and sweetness held fellowship
When peace lay soft on her sunny brow,
She was reposing for death—he hath clasp'd her now—
She hath sunk with her coyishness and winning charms
To a dreamless rest, in his icy arms.

Oh! it seems like some token for dark for truth,
That a heart so rich in the gifts of youth,
Should be torn from the friends who had trod its wreath,
And laid to rest in the solemn earth!
In the flush of Beauty's most beautiful years—
Ere the eye is enwanted with clouds or tears,
Ere her bosom was torn with emotion or care,
Ere her heart [illegible] which was used to wear:

Well, thou blessed spirit, I will not mourn
O'er the ashes that waste in the funeral urn;
I will keep the tears from my heart that rise,
I will mark thy tomb with untroubled eyes:
I will think on the blessings that now are thine,
And my chastened lesson shall not repine:
For I know thou art dwelling where sin is o'er—
Where death or affliction can sting no more.

Then take thy rest—thou art happy now,
Though the damp clod lies on thy sunny brow;
Though thy harp-like heart strings no more may thrill,
Though thy low sweet accents are hush'd and still,
Though they speak not to me or to mortal ear,
Yet their music is heard in a better sphere!
Yes! thy spirit in Heaven is pure and fair—
Oh! when shall I slumber and meet thee there?

MORDAUNT.

From "Two Years and a Half in the Navy."

TURKISH BATH.

It was dusk when we rose from the dinner table. As it was too late to go any where else, a party of us, with a dragoman for a guide, sallied forth with the intention of trying a Turkish bath. Tunis, as all the world knows, is celebrated for its baths; but, either we were not taken to one of the best in the place, or the Tunisian are far inferior to the Smyrniot. For a description of it, however, and of the operation of bathing, such as they were, *vide infra*.

Having wandered for the space of half an hour through crooked and filthy alleys, which people there dignify by the name of streets, we came at length to a low shabby-looking edifice, which we were told was the bath-house. It was twin brother of those in Algiers, which Cervantes denominates prisons, as they really are to the wretches who are condemned to serve in them. These are generally slaves, obtained from the interior of Africa. Christian captives were formerly forced to work in them, but this indignity is not at present tolerated.

We were first ushered into a sort of anti-chamber or saloon, dimly lighted by two dirty little lamps, and furnished with cushioned divans. In one corner of the room there was a little fireplace, with the necessary implements for making coffee, and on the walls were suspended a number of dingy pipes. Immediately on entering we were surrounded by not less than a dozen of the slaves who are doomed to toil in those gloomy abodes, and whose long gaunt figures, swarthy complexions, deep-set eyes and ferocious looks, almost persuaded us that we were among the imps of the lower regions. Next we were entered into a small room designed for undressing. There each imp selected his man, pinned a white sheet around his waist, and gave him a pair of thick wooden soles with straps near the centre, into which he was directed to thrust his feet. Thus accoutred, we were led into another apartment, heated to such a degree by steam that the first sensation we felt was that of suffocation. It really seemed to us that we could not live there five minutes, and some of the party actually retreated, and could not be induced to return to renew the attempt. All the pores in the body were soon opened, and a copious perspiration commenced. The sensation of suffocation then gave place to a feeling of a very different kind,—a delicious lassitude, which relaxed the muscular system, and diffused throughout the whole frame an exquisite but indescribable pleasure.

After this initial steaming, we were taken into a room where the temperature was still higher. The stone pavement on one side of this room was a little elevated above that on the other, and here we were required to stretch ourselves at full length. The fellows then commenced shampooing us with coarse cloths, which ever and anon they would dip in a bucket of soap suds.—After they had continued this operation for a while, they "knocked off," and fell to cracking our joints most lustily. This produced a simultaneous and universal roar of laughter on our part, and we laughed away nearly all the little strength which the steam had left us. Their mode of cracking joints was a most singular one. They would double our limbs and then falling upon them with their knees, press with their whole weight upon them. Nothing daunted by our merriment, they "held on the even tenor of their way," till not a joint in our bodies remained uncracked. Having finished this part of the ceremony, they renewed and continued for some time longer the operation of shampooing with cloths of a finer quality.

All this being ended, we were finally conducted into an apartment in which there were several fountains of clean fresh water, with sponges and towels for drying our limbs, and blankets in which to wrap ourselves up. Having here performed the requisite ablutions, we returned to our dressing room, and afterwards to the saloon where we had first entered. There, reclining on the divan, we indulged for some time in the two great Turkish luxuries, coffee and the chibouque, and then bid our good friends adieu, with a feeling of buoyancy and elasticity, which could scarcely have been surpassed, had we just exchanged the decrepitude of old age for the vigour of youth.

A Turkish bath is certainly one of the greatest luxuries in the world. The Turks, especially females of the higher classes, frequently indulge in it to such an extent as to ruin their constitutions, and bring on premature old age and death. The excessive fondness of Turkish ladies for the bath is doubtless in part to be attributed to their secluded habits, and their consequent want of exhilarating amusements.

(Inserted by Request.)

From the Western Eye Press, Mercer Pa.

To my countrymen who being disappointed in a former romantic attachment, refused an honourable and advantageous offer.

Turn proud of heart to till the grief
That broods within thy soul;
Too little schooled in grief to bear
Thine own stern pride's control.

With flushing cheek and restless eye,
Thy woman's heart hath told,
Far easier than in love it hath died,
Than so despair grown cold—

All beautiful! in the full grace
Of thy unsullied thought;
An angel that love sought to reach,
But woman's *self* when taught.

But trembled to the fountain where
That light of bliss was born;
And thou hast taught thy heart to hate,
To save thyself from scorn.

* * * * * * *

Still as the world thy path will be,
And still thy brow will wear,
Roses as bright as ever wreathed
Their blossoms mid thy hair.

And lonelier than the lonely heart,
Thy very home shall be;
Nor gentle smile, nor household voice
Shall e'er seem sweet to thee—

And on from youth to womanhood,
Thy weary days shall home
Thy happiest feelings changed to gall—
And life itself a waste.

ADOLESTES.

Bradshaw's-Field, Dec. 1832.

SOME LOOSE REMARKS ON A DELICATE SUBJECT.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

Kissing is a delicate subject, and must be handled accordingly. Kisses are of various kinds. There is the kiss infantile, and the kiss parental; the kiss friendly, the kiss amatory, &c. &c. We exclude from our catalogue the Judas kiss—a perversion of the nature of the institute, which, even leaving out of consideration the awful depth of impiety with which the designation associates it, can only rank with that class of crimes, the bare attempt to name which palsies the tongue.

First in dignity is the kiss parental. This kiss is witnessed in its purest and most amiable state in young mothers—matrons, so little faded from the free maiden bloom, that the stranger hesitates in what class of femininity to rank them. They have the rich blushing grace of the girl, and her coy timidity, [illegible] greyhound, husband—a fondness by approaches of serpentine grace, yet ready to bound away, startled even by an anticipated response. But in the midst of this softness we are aware of a growing dignity—a statelier bearing—a prouder consciousness and self-possession, not yet developed, but throwing herald beams before it.—A being such as we have attempted to describe, bending over her first child with a love which no created being but herself can ever feel for another—so intense, so pure, so utterly devoid of selfishness—bathing its cheeks, chin, eyes and brow, in a flood of kisses, is a picture which earth cannot surpass. If, at times, a thought of self do cross her devotion, it is but a slight tinge of vanity, so graceful as to lose every alloy of littleness that attaches to the feeling.

The kiss parental also includes that of the father. If it be less beautiful, less winning than that of the mother, it is on the other hand more impressive. The arrangements of society—perhaps also a natural tendency in women to bestow their affections upon men somewhat their seniors—the wish to temper in the pure draught of matrimonial happiness a feeling of awe and veneration with the more tumultuous throb of love—bring it about that the husband, in general, rather exceeds his wife in years. At all events, there is something in the tenor of man's life that gives a hardness to his outward bearing; an habitual repression of the utterance of his feelings; the very reverse of the graceful wavelike yielding of woman's heart, voice, and features to the pressure of every breeze. When we see the face which never blanched at danger, which strives to mantle even the joy of its heart, as the smooth ocean the treasures which lie fathomless beneath its surface, soften, as his wife holds out the helpless one to woo his embrace, then relent into a grim smile, as he holds at a distance its little caressing hands, and finally imprints a long, and deep kiss upon its cheek, or pouting lips, with a "God bless thee, my boy!"

So glad at this as he, we cannot be,
——but o'er rejoicing
At nothing can be more.

We have spoken of the kiss parental, unmixed with any associations. It assumes, under certain circumstances, the aspect of sublimity. It is easy to picture how the mother's instinctive love must grow, in the event of a worthy object, with every succeeding year; how the beautiful or manly form, the warm generous heart, and the frank bearing must heighten and ennoble her affection. It is possible to imagine the full extent of a mother's agony, when deprived of such an object. "My son, my son, my beautiful, my brave!" Rachel weeping over her infants, and refusing to be comforted, because they were not, is a faint type of such a desolation. Yet there have been mothers who, when their country or their faith called for the sacrifice, could stamp a burning kiss on their son's brow, and motion him forth—there was no voice, nature so far asserted her supremacy—to the battle or to the stake.

Turn we to a less mournful subject, the kiss amatory. On writing this word, we feel our breast fluttering beneath a clogging weight of fear, just as it did—we care not to say how many years ago. It is a strange and beautiful thing—first innocent love. There is that in female beauty that delights merely to gaze upon; but beware of looking too long. The lustrous black pupil contrasting with the white of the eye and the carnated skin—the clear placid blue, into which you see down, down into the very soul: the deep hazel, lustrous as a sunlit stream, seen through an opening in its willowy banks; all may be gazed upon with impunity ninety-nine times, and the hundredth you are a gone man. On a sudden the eye strikes you as brighter and deeper than ever; or you fancy that a long lock is stolen at you beneath a drooping eyelid, and that there is a slight flush on the cheek, and at once you are in love. Then you spend the morning in contriving apologies for calling, and the days and evenings in playing them off. When you lay your hand on the door-bell your knees tremble, and your breast feels compressed; and when admitted, you sit, and look, and say nothing, and go away determined to tell your whole story next time. This goes on for months, varied by the occasional daring of kissing a flower with which she presents you; perhaps to the daring intoxication of love wafting it towards her; or in an affectation of the Quixotte style, kneeling with much heroic emphasis to kiss her hand in affected jest; and the next time you meet with her, both are stately and reserved as ever. Till at last, on some unutterable day, when you find yourself alone with the lady, you quite unawares feel her hand in yours, a yielding shudder crosses her, and, you know not how, she is in your arms, and you press upon her lips, delayed but not withheld,

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love.

The kiss conjugal is of a severer cast of beauty. During the first year of matrimony it approaches, according to circumstances and the dispositions of the individuals, to the character of the king amatory. Othello soon he rejoins his "fair warrior" at Cyprus is still all the lover. For a time his bliss is speechless; but as soon as he finds words—

If 'were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Imogine's meditations upon the kiss of which her cruel stepmother had defrauded her, though less intensely passionate, have still more in them of the lover than the wife:

I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say, ere I could tell him
How I would think of him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such, or I could make him swear
The Queen of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charged him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

It is in Coriolanus that we find the pride, depth, and glory of the kiss of wedded love best exemplified. In the Volscian camp he at first affects to receive his wife and mother coldly. "Those eyes are not the same I wore in Rome." But nature will not be gainsaid:

Like a dull actor now
I have forgotten my part, and I am out
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, "Forgive our Romans." Oh, a kiss
Long as my exile—sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heav'n, that kiss,
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.

The kiss friendly is extremely graceful among girls. Among men we cannot endure it. Great rough-bearded caries slavering each other, is enough to turn one's stomach. For this reason, and because we esteem it a desecration of the ordinance to make a woman's lip's common to every stray customer, we are averse to the "salute," (using the word in its old English acceptation,) which still remains the accustomed mode of greeting on some parts of the continent. "What you've touched you may take."

These four are the principal species of kisses; all the rest being mere combinations or varieties of them. A practical treatise on kissing would lead us into a wide field of discussion; but we regard this essay as standing in the same relation to such a dissertation as Euclid's elements to a course of physical and mechanical science. Such a treatise is still a desideratum, although valuable and plenteous materials are scattered throughout the literature of various nations. Among the most important sources of information to which we may refer our readers, are, Anacreon, Sappho, and Longus, among the ancients; the Secondus among the orientals; and the dialogue between Orlando and Rosalind, together with that between Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet among the moderns. In conclusion we have only to remark, that the state of the science of kissing in any nation may be assumed as a pretty accurate standard of its civilization. The inhabitants of the Tonga Islands know neither the practice nor the name for it. In Greek the various kinds of kissing have as many distinctive appellations as the French.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

STANZAS TO ——.

As the deep, low, distant signal gun
Comes booming o'er the sea,
To tell of wreck—of danger past,
So may this come to thee.

The heart upon life's ocean cast
Mov'd joyous light and free,
And friendship's coast in safety passed,
"Till wrecked on love's deep sea.

As the answering gun far o'er the waste
Of that tempestuous sea,
Brings hope of light the gloom t'o'er casts,
So may it be to me.

With fervent heart to the power divine
The wreck'd one bends the knee,
Ere on before love's hallow'd shrine,
I fain would kneel to thee.

T.

AN IRISH TRIAL.

Reader!—Have you ever witnessed an Irish trial? If not, you have lost a scene where the anomalous character of an Irish peasant is fully and forcibly pourtrayed in all its broad developement of light and shadow; where the proud chivalrous spirit of our countrymen bursts at times in brief but dazzling splendor, through the dense clouds of craft and crime, in which centuries of degradation have enveloped them.

It was my fortune to be present at a spectacle of this description, during the Summer Assizes of 1828, in ——, one of the disturbed districts of the South. On my reaching the Court-house, I found the hall filled with groups of anxious-looking expectants. In one corner stood a knot of freize coated men, seemingly engaged in some interesting topic, for they spoke in low whispers in their own guttural language—perhaps discussing the impending fate of a friend or relative, who had come under the iron hand of the law, or concocting schemes of deadly vengeance upon some blood-thirsty oppressor. Amidst these juntos, the female sex, as in all societies, seemed to hold a paramount place, and I fancied I could observe in the eager voices and energetic gestures of these excited women the incentive to some act of desperate violence, from which even their rugged auditors seemed to recoil.

Obeying a nod from the sheriff, I hustled my way through a posse of Constables, Peelers, Process-servers—*et hoc genus omne*, and obtained a seat on the Bench, from whence I could distinctly observe the whole proceedings. The trial was for a crime whose frequent recurrence cast a stigma on our national character, and strongly evidences the imbecility and misrule which has ever characterized the Anglo-Irish legislation. A party of nocturnal depredators had attacked and cruelly murdered an unfortunate driver who had rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the people. The prisoner at the bar had been identified as having been concerned in the outrage; and his trial had excited considerable interest, from the fact of his having been formerly a respectable farmer of unblemished reputation; but who, by a series of oppression and misfortunes, had been reduced to poverty, and driven by a tyrannical agent, from the hearth of his fathers, to wring from a cold and selfish world a miserable sustenance for a delicate wife, and five helpless children.

I observed him narrowly as he stood erect in the dock, with folded arms, his dress bespoke him of the better order of peasantry; his age might be about thirty-five; tall, muscular, and athletic, his open brow and ingenuous physiognomy bore no traits of cruelty or ferocity; but there was in his dark sunken eye a wild recklessness, and on his lip a little curl of defiance and contempt, as the Clerk of the Crown, in his loud nasal twang, charged the prisoner, "not having the fear of God before his eyes," with "wilfully killing and slaying, &c.

The first witness called was a thin, ferret-like figure, with a small restless grey eye, indicative of every evil passion, who had turned approver in order to save his own hide; his direct evidence was clear and conclusive, but as he turned to identify the prisoner in the dock, I saw the wretch quail under the smile of withering scorn with which his victim recognised him. On his cross-examination, he reluctantly admitted that he had been the organizer of many illegal meetings and acts of violence—that he had been a convicted horse-stealer, perjurer, coiner, and, in short, that he had been either principal or accessary in the most atrocious crime. Every instant, as the prisoner's counsel, by some ingenious home-thrust, shook the validity of his testimony; or, by an unexpected "floorer," destroyed his credibility with the jury, a buzz of applause ran through the court, which the temperate dignity of the Chief Justice (Bushe) could scarcely repress. At length, weary of dragging further to light this disgusting spectacle of moral turpitude, the wretched man was permitted to leave the table, amid curses and execrations—" not loud, but deep."

The next witness who appeared, had been a farm servant of the deceased; his lounging gait and vacant stare, gave him a most unpromising air of stupidity.—The Book was handed him—" Neil Sossenaugh"—(no English,) said he, with an appealing look to the Judge. "He speaks English, my Lord!" said the opposing counsel—and, turning to the witness, asked him suddenly, if he never had spoken English? "Never, yer Onner," was the unguarded reply. "Then, my fine fellow, it is high time you should begin—take the Book, Sir!" Seeing he had fairly committed himself, he proceeded with that repugnance common to all the lower classes of the Irish, to give his evidence, in what he considered a *foreign* tongue.—Little was elicited from his testimony, though he had seen the whole transaction from his flock-bed, which was placed in the corner of a kitchen; and he became so bewildered on his cross-examination, with the multitude of questions respecting the relative situation of the room, and the persons in it, that he floundered from one dilemma to another, until his entire evidence became a tissue of absurdities.

The case for the prosecution having closed, a host of witnesses appeared, ready to prove an *alibi* for the prisoner; but his counsel, prudently contenting himself with one or two of the most respectable of these, endeavored to establish the point with the jury, but evidently with little effect: and the fact of the prisoner's guilt seemed so apparent to every person present, that there scarcely remained a shadow of doubt as to his conviction. But the struggle was not yet over; a busy hum of expectation arose—an eager pressing forward—and a whisper of curiosity passed through the Court, as a jolly-looking colossal limb of the law, the counsel for the prisoner, stood up, with a good-humored carelessness in his manner and countenance, that, to a superficial observer, seemed to partake more of shrewd drollery, than an extraordinary intellectual power. He opened his lips—and the broad, unsophisticated tones of a native Hibernian, grated unmusically on my anglicised ear; but as he proceeded, his rich and powerful language riveted all my faculties. I heard him with delight pursue, with close and accurate perspicuity, his argument, through the tangled web of conflicting testimonies, bringing light out of darkness, and order out of confusion. I admired the inimitable tact with which he detected every flaw in the prosecutor's case, and seized for his client upon every offensive and defensive point in the evidence—from which he poured the irresistable flood of his eloquence into the very souls of his auditory. Yet, strange to say, his oratory was plain, I had almost said, unselect; but if it possessed not the polished elegance of Cicero's, it contained all the fiery energy of Demosthenes' harangues. The jury had leaned attentively forward in their box—every face gradually relaxing into an expression of acquiescence with the arguments of the eloquent counsel; even one dogmatical, *hanging*-looking old fellow, who sat bolt upright during the entire business, was, by some droll but flattering compliment, tickled into attention—a smile played around his puckered mouth, and I could see forsaking his prior matter of opinion. It was now evident that, though the sword still remained suspended over the prisoner's head, the chance for his safety were momentarily doubling; for, as he drew near the close of his vehement and splendid appeal to the heart, the feelings and sympathies of the Court and Jury, every breath suspended—all was silent as death, save that one deep, powerful, and impressive voice. The unfortunate criminal watched his deliverer with looks, in which a faint ray of hope seemed hovering on the brink of despair—while his agonized wife, (who, like a ministering angel, had stood near him in the side dock, during the day) wiped with her checked apron, the cold dews which overspread his pale brow.

The speaker at length concluded, and, flinging himself back exhaustedly on his seat, the loud hum of admiration spread through the Court, and I had an opportunity of inquiring from a gentleman who sat near me, who that eloquent pleader was—"Who?" replied he in a tone of amazement—"Who *could* it be but O'Connell?" I was petrified—for here I had been listening above an hour to this great Leviathan of law and politics without being aware of his presence. As I gazed on his portly figure—calm, good-humored face—rich smile, in which an indescribable comicality seemed to lurk, and quick piercing eye—I felt convinced, that of all men I had ever seen, he was the fittest for a popular leader.

The judge now summed up his charge coolly and impartially. A doubt, he said, had arisen, of which the prisoner ought to have the benefit; but he left to the Jury the consideration of it. They retired—and, after an hour's torturing suspense, brought in a verdict of "*Not Guilty.*"

The prisoner, who had never faultered in the hour of peril—who had borne up manfully against his impending fate—no sooner heard the verdict pronounced than his fortitude forsook him—the transition from a prison and an ignominous death, to liberty and life, was too much—his spirits failed, and with a faint exclamation, he sunk forward, his face concealed in his hands, upon the bar of the dock; his wife sobbing loudly, clung wildly to his neck, lulling up his infant boy to share his restored embraces. A few moments more beheld him a liberated man, exulting in the free, blessed air and light of Heaven, surrounded by a crowd of his friends and people; who, not content with evincing their delight by deafening *shillos*, lifted him on their shoulders, and, bearing him in triumph down the main street, amid the waving of *caubeens* and *alpeens*, concluded the day's adventures by washing away sorrow, and all the remembrance of the "gloomy past," in oceans of *potteen* "that never saw the face of the murdherin thief av a gauger."

(*N. Y. Albion.*

From the New England Weekly Review.

HAPPINESS,

OR THE DYING CALIPH TO HIS SON.

"Draw near, my son," exclaimed the expiring Caliph," and listen to the treasured precepts of truth and experience; the conflict of mortality will soon be finished, and the elysian fields are already unfolding their beauties. Behold the whitened locks of age, and remember that the beauty of youth is like the dew of the morning, and when, in after times the recollection of the scene which is now passing away, shall be called up before thee, may the last admonitions of him who has loved and cherished thee, be also impressed upon thy memory. Remember, my son, that the only earthly hope that binds me to this frail tenement of clay, is that thou mayest be good and happy, and although none can be happy without being good, yet, in the mysterious order of events, it often happens that those whose lives and characters are the most unsullied by vice, do seem to possess by inheritance, the bitter boon, adversity; yet if the mind is unscorrupted by vice, if it can look calmly inwards upon itself without a feeling of remorse, a consciousness of its own purity will sustain it in the hour of peril and bear it above the troubles, the trials and afflictions of human life.

Happiness is the pursuit of all, and is equally attainable by all: it is not given alone to the great, the wealthy—to those who are cradled in the lap of luxury, or nurtured by the hand of prodigality. To those, if the heart be not open to benevolence, and chastened and refined by virtue, the rational enjoyments of life are tasteless and insipid, they give to happiness a being which it has not, and seek in the gratification of those passions and appetites in which it can never be found.

Remember, my son, that men do not ride to happiness in a car of gold. Affluence, as far as it supplies the reasonable wants of its possessor, and is diffused in alleviating the suffering of the helpless and oppressed, promotes happiness! but beyond this it has no charms, neither are those who have the great faculties of supplying wants exclusively happy, but rather those who have the fewest wants, and those such as are the most easily supplied. Whatever may be the circumstances of human life, whether surrounded by all the enticing luxuries of wealth or exalted to the very pinnacle of power and fame, if the mind be not cultivated and refined, and exalted above the grovelling impulse of sensual gratification, it can never be happy.

The mind controls all our actions and energies; these constitute the basis and structure of our characters, and in these may be traced the varied features of the mind with all its innate properties. The faculty of discrimination, or of judgment, should be made to control the impulse of our passions; not that it should have an absolute dominion over them, but it should wield an influence over them like that which the sun has upon the solar system, restraining the planets within their orbits, without attracting them to its burning sphere where they would be withered and destroyed.

If in the common frailty of man, as all are liable to err, thou hast in a single instance yielded to the impulse of vicious passions and propensities, and been left to do evil, even that should teach you a lesson of wisdom. It should teach thee a lesson of forgiveness towards those who may be guilty of similar offences, while at the same time it should serve as a beacon set up in the midst of darkness to throw light upon the deformity of vice, and warn thee of the shoals and quicksands, to which the frail bark of existence is constantly exposed.

Thou art standing, my son, on the line which separates the past from the future. Cast thine eyes for a moment backward upon the past, and a recollection of its joys and sorrow will seem but the illusion of a remembered dream, the day of childhood and of youth will seem to have glided away more swiftly than the passing shadow of a cloud, so in after years will appear the present era of thy life. It is the recollection of virtuous actions, that can alone give happiness to the mind.

How important it is then, that every moment of thy life should be devoted to worthy and benevolent exertions, in enriching thy mind with the precepts of virtue and in promoting the welfare and happiness of thy fellow beings around thee. Thus shall thy life glide smoothly onward like the calm and untroubled motion of a peaceful river without a ripple to sully its tranquil surface. If there is happiness to be found in this world, it exists in the mind that is open to benevolence—chastened and refined by education, and imbued with the unfading, the imperishable principle of virtue."

The head of the dying man reclined calmly upon his pillow, a faint smile illuminated his time-worn features as his sunken eyes closed forever to the quiet slumber of ages, and his spirit passed away upon the sound of his dying words.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

HOME.

Addressed to Miss Mary J. H—— of Philadelphia.

In my Father's house there are many mansions I go to prepare a place for you.—John, chap. xiv. verse 2.

Mary, there is a home above
To weary wanderer's given,
A place of endless bliss and love,
Prepared for us in heaven.

Dun, fearful sorrows lower,
Of sin and death we feel the scathe,
But there they have no power.

Yet, there's a dark and silent stream,
We needs must ferry o'er.
And many a foe must overcome,
Ere we can gain that peaceful shore.

But Mary, let us trust in God,
While through this vale we roam,
Keep his commands, believe his word,
And He will lead us Home. OSCAR.

From the Boston Courier.

COMMODORE BARNEY.

"The old Commodore,
The noblest old Commodore, he."

The old Triton who has passed his calms under the bows of the long boat could say of Joshua Barney that he came into a master's berth through the cabin windows. He began at the rudiments, and well he understood the science. All his predilections were for the sea. Having deserted the counting room, young Barney, at the age of 12, was placed for nautical instruction in a pilot boat at Baltimore, till he was apprenticed to his brother-in-law. At the age of 14, he was appointed second mate, with the approbation of the owner, and before he was 16, he was called upon to take charge of his ship at sea, in which the master died. This was on a voyage to Nice. The ship was in such a state that it was barely possible to make Gibraltar, where for necessary supplies he pledged her for 700*l*, to be repaid by the consignee at Nice, who however declined, and called in the aid of the Governor, to compel Barney to deliver the cargo, which he refused to do. He was imprisoned, but set at large on some intimation that he would do as desired, but when he came on board he struck his flag, and removed the crew, choosing to consider his vessel as captured. He then set out for Milan, to solicit the aid of the British Ambassador there, in which he succeeded so well, that the authorities of Nice met him on his return to apologise for their conduct. The consignees paid the bond, and Barney sailed for Alicant, where his vessel was destined for the use of the great armada, then fitting out against Algiers, the fate of which was total and shameful defeat.—On his return home, his employer was so well satisfied with his conduct, that he become his firm friend ever after. He soon offered himself as second in command on board the sloop Hornet of 10 guns, one of two vessels then preparing for a cruise under Commodore Hopkins; for this was in the early stage of the revolution. The sloop fell in with a British tender, which she might have captured, but for the timidity of the American captain. The tender, mistaking her enemy, ran along side and exposed himself to much danger. Barney stood by one of the guns as the enemy came near, and was about to apply the match, when the bold commander commanded him to desist. Barney, whose spirit revolted at such a course, threw his match stick at the captain, and the iron point stuck in the door of the round-house. This, in a youth not seventeen, argued well for the pugnacity of the man.—At the end of this cruise, he volunteered on board the schooner Wasp, in which he soon had a brush with the Rochuck and another frigate, and with the aid of some gallies in which he had a command, the enemy was forced to retire, with more loss than honor. Barney, for his good conduct in this affair, was appointed to the command of the sloop Sachem, with the commission of Lieutenant, before he was seventeen. Before the cruise, however, Captain Robinson took command of the Sachem, which soon had an action with a letter-of-marque which soon had an action with a letter-of-marque of superior force and numbers. It was well contested, and nearly half of the crew of the brig was killed or wounded. In about two hours the letter-of-marque struck. The captain secured a valuable prize, in cargo of rum, and also a magnificent turtle, intended as a present to Lord North, whose name was marked on the shell. This acceptable West Indian, Lie

PROLOGUE

To R. Penn Smith's new Comedy, entitled *My Uncle's Wedding*, spoken by Mr. Dewer, and written by Dr. Bird, author of the *Gladiator*, *Orellana*, &c.

While innovation rules the modern day,
In't not strange we're little new to play?
Steamers on rail-road rivers puff along,
And patent wonders are almost a song;
Each day beholds a yankee's bolder freak,
And a perpetual motion every week;
While the poor stage, a mirror as of yore,
Reflects our grandsires, and reflects no more;
Or yawns with joys, that pleased those goodly folks—
The same old murders, and the same old jokes.
Give us a play—a laugh, or groan—some structure
Of the *new* branch of our home manufacture.
Naught is so easy, though it so long delay'd,
And the whole scene centres in a word:
Love, hate, and grief—a round upon the passions;
None rainbone thoughts and doggery expressions;
A dash of fustian—one can't do without it;
A little murder, and much talk about it;—
Do these things make a tragedy? Yes, truly,
When with good natured praises season'd duly.

So much for tragedy;—and, not to flatter,
You'll find a Comedy much the self same matter.

Wield then the pen, in merriment or moan,
We have a stage here—Is it not your own?
Yes, to your humble players trust the rest—
We have one virtue—we will do our best.
'Tis ours, indeed, to please you as we can,
But give us warm hits! are American.
Nor let your hards, for aims and subjects, roam
To slavish Europe—they are here at home:
Yes, newer themes on nobler fields enthrone—
Good bye the old—the new world is our own!

Such was our call; a Yankee heard the cry,
And said, "In such a cause, I'll do, or die!
Come death or triumph,—either fate is grand,
To fall or conquer for a native land!
My cause is here?"—Was not she poet right?
Methinks, your hands will tell him so to-night.
His Uncle's Wedding? Cheer the good soul in,
A man pick'd out from your own kith and kin;
Give him a welcome in *that* Uncle's name,
Whose proud example sets the world aflame,
Whose knows alone can bear the freeman's palm,
Best of all Uncle's yet, our Uncle Sam!

THE REFUGEE IN AMERICA.

In the title of a new work, in three volumes, which Mrs. Trollope, with the aid and encouragement, we suppose, of Basil Hall, has elaborated about our country. The annexed extracts will shew, as well as longer ones, the spirit in which it is written, and the *probable* amount of truth in its portraits and representations. The history of an emigrant for the first extract:

Madame de Clairville was a widow: her husband, a man of education and good connexions, had been beguiled to leave Paris, his profession of the law, and every thing else which made life valuable to him, for the purpose of following the fortunes of a crazy speculator, who in some most unaccountable manner found means to persuade him that he would find in the wilderness every thing he left in Paris, and a great deal beside. The doctrine he taught was, that the moment approached when man would shake off for ever the degrading trammels of a rusty superstition. In a word, the unfortunate M. de Clairville was reduced to join the celebrated Mr. Wimble's settlement on the banks of Red River. If he had done so alone, the thing would have been sad, but by no means so sad as it really proved. His pretty, gay, happy little wife went with him. Some people, had they seen her in society, in all the gay flutter of animal spirits, might have called her coquettish; but never did any woman give a stronger proof of attachment than she did, when she left all she loved to follow him. She had one darling child, a girl of twelve years old, on whom she doated with all a mother's fondness and a woman's pride. But the pretty Adelaide was to be the heiress of her grand mother, so Madame de Clairville left her at Paris, and alone followed her husband to the banks of the Red River. They spent much money in a costly and unprofitable outfit, and much more after arriving at New York, in procuring all the commodities with which Mr. Wimble recommended them to adorn the wilderness.

On arriving at Perfect Bliss, the name Mr. Wimble had given to his settlement, it was signified to M. de Clairville that he was to hew down a tree, cut it into rails, and fix it as a zigzag or serpentine fence. The poor Frenchman, whose visions had been of scientific farms, amateur concerts, private theatricals, and *tête-à-tête* on the tree, and though he cut on half a ton in the course of the operation, he bled as patiently as Socrates, and sang *Ca ira* as he finished the raging. But when he found that his delicate wife was expected to milk cows every morning standing ancle deep in water, and moreover to assist in washing lines; when he learned that all the little comforts which he had spent his last thousand francs to purchase in New York, were stored upon, as general stock, and a scanty pittance of necessaries doled out to them at each meal; his gay heart sunk within him, and he would have gladly surrendered half the unexpired term of life, to have passed the other half among the *gens d'armes* and *marchands* of Paris. But he was totally without funds to carry them across the immense distance which divided him from his country, now loved in vain; he had irreconcilably offended his wife's mother, the only wealthy relative they had, by taking her daughter from France; and seeing no chance of escaping from Perfect Bliss, he fell into a deep decline, and died before the end of the year.

It is impossible to conceive a situation more desolate than that of Mdm. de Clairville. On one pretence or another, every dollar they had brought with them had been borrowed, or vested, or subscribed, or begged away; and literally had not wherewithal to pay the inland postage of a letter to her mother. In this extremity of distress, she recollected a gentleman at New York, who, during the month she had passed there, had shown her much good natured attention. To this gentleman, though merely an acquaintance, she wrote, enclosing a letter to her mother, and entreating him to pay the postage to Paris. To this letter she never received an answer, but the one she enclosed was forwarded; and after five months of sickening hopes and fears, an answer arrived, postpaid, but without an envelope. This letter contained an order for two hundred dollars, and a promise that an equal sum should be remitted half yearly; but this was accompanied with a stern intimation from her mother, that if she presented herself in Paris, after making herself the subject d'un roman si ridicule, she would not afford her any assistance or countenance whatever; nor was this denunciation softened by one word of greeting from her darling child. Perhaps the composure with which the little French woman bore this, might have been taken by some for want of feeling; but it was not so. She was now, for the first time in her life, called upon to act; and she felt, notwithstanding her tender sorrow for her husband, that she might be able to manage for herself, better than he had done for her. There was still an active principle of hope alive within her; she determined to return to her country and her child, and felt but little alarmed, and not at all discouraged, by the difficulties in her way.

The first and greatest of these was to make her way from Perfect Bliss, without letting it be known that she had in her possession what might be turned into dollars; for by that time she had learnt to comprehend thoroughly the theory and the practice of a community, founded on principles of general equality and universal benevolence. On the character of her New York friend she reasoned with all the caution of poverty, and all the finesse of a French woman. He had forwarded her letter and the answer to it, though the doing so must have cost him *sundry cents*; but he had not written to her, because that would have cost more *cents*; he was a man of business, and careful of his money, but nevertheless was, to a certain degree, benevolent and friendly. To him, therefore, she again addressed herself, enclosing the half of her letter of credit, which was drawn on a house at New York, requesting him to open a running account with her for postage, commission, &c., and desiring by return of post, an acknowledgement of the receipt (post paid, or it could never reach her), on the arrival of which she promised to forward the other half, and would account in return a remittance of fifty dollars. Her correspondence was faithful and punctual. He thanked her in the usual form for her business; and from that hour she had no further trouble as to receiving her little revenue.

It is not necessary to follow her in her route up the Mississippi, and the Ohio, across Lake Erie, and so on; it is enough to say, that she arrived safely at Rochester, and remembering the prices at New York, she determined to rest there, till she had amassed enough, by savings from her little income, to carry her to Paris. Once there, and within reach of her Adelaide, she felt sure, that whether as her mother's heiress, or as a *femme de chambre*, she should be happy. With this dear hope to sustain her, which seemed like a bright star hanging forever before her eyes, and pointing the way she was to go, she had lived not only patiently, but cheerfully, weekly adding from her pittance something to swell the sum that was to wash her home."

We add a brief specimen of feminine dialogue.

"Caroline, partly from her gay nature, and partly from curiosity, began a gossiping conversation with the pretty girls of the house, while the mother set aside the appurtenances of the supper-table. 'Have you lived here long, Miss Eaglestone?' she began. 'We have been in the house better than six years,' answered Miss Eaglestone. 'Mgr' interrupted Miss Ophelia, 'why ma, 'tis seven years Festival.' 'And how do you like the life?' 'I expect 'tis pleasanter enough by times.' 'Do you see many people?' 'My! I guess not, indeed; 'tis sometimes a month out, 'twixt time and time that we see a human.' 'Do you go to church?' 'No, we ar'n't Christians.' 'You are not Christians! How is that?' 'Why, how can we be Christians, living in the bush so?'

'When Ophelia is married,' said the other sister, 'as she counts to be next month, then I and she will both be Christians; for she is to bide at Avon, and we shall be of the Baptist congregation.' 'And when do you mean to be married, Euphrosyne?' 'Not this year, I expect. I sha'n't be sixteen afore August.' 'And how old are you, Ophelia?' 'Most seventeen. I should have been married before, only my beau was building a house. I hope so will be married before she's so old, for I hate old maids.' 'And how do you amuse yourselves here? Do you love to walk in the forest?' The two girls looked at each other, and smiled. 'No, sure,' answered the elder, 'in our country 'tis only the men does that.' 'I don't expect,' said the other, 'that you would find any American young lady what would deseran herself to do just what you did to-night.' 'No, why not?' 'Cause she'd think it quite out of the way to be walking about in the dark with a parcel of men. But I expect the English thinks nothing of it.' 'Why, what was I to do, my dear girl? Would the American ladies sit by the road side all night, instead of walking through the forest to such a nice comfortable place as this?' 'Why I guess they'd lose by that, sure enough; but I never did see an American lady walking in the forest, for all that.' 'Do you ride then?' 'Sometimes, when father goes to market, we rides in the wagon with mother, to sell the sycamine, and to buy coffee and the like.' 'Are you not delighted to go?' 'Yes, I like it very much when I have got a good bonnet.' 'Well, I think I should be delighted, if I had got no bonnet at all.' 'I expect the English don't mind, but the American young ladies had rather bide at home from July to eternity, than show themselves when they ar'n't jam.'"

Now for one of the traits of high breeding in Mrs. Trollope's heroine.

"The next morning, at eight o'clock precisely, the same long table, covered with little plates full of unimaginable cakes, sweetmeats, fishes, cutlets, half-cold steaks, whole cold ham and eggs, awaited the descent of Miss Gordon. The gentlemen were all five standing round the fire when she entered; and Mr. Warner, his spirits refreshed by sleep and his morning 'bitters,' approached her gaily, with the information that they had only waited to have their coffee poured out by her. Now it happened that Miss Gordon had scarcely ever officiated in this way in her life; her evening tea and coffee had always been handed to her by a servant.

* * * * * * *

Upon this summons to the top of the table, she gave a look of whimsical discomfiture to her father. 'I fear, Mr. Warner,' he said, 'that you will think Miss Gordon a very useless young lady, when I confess that I doubt if she ever poured out a cup of coffee in her life.' A silent look passed between the three gentlemen of the family; and the little 'help,' who had just brought in a plate of hot corn-cakes, was fain to put a portion of her apron in her mouth to prevent her laughing out at the 'strange woman, what can't so much as pour out a cup of coffee.'

Evening Post.

Saturday, Oct. 27th.

Terms of this paper $2 per annum, in advance.—Six months' Subscription $1 25.—No subscription taken for a shorter period than six months, nor discontinued while any arrearages are unpaid, unless at the option of the publisher.

The veteran comedian, William Warren, died at Baltimore on Friday last, in the 65th year of his age. His merits both as an actor and a man are well known to the Philadelphia public, with whom he was deservedly a favorite for a succession of years. Like Jefferson, he was unrivalled in his peculiar walks of the drama, and it will not be an easy task to close the break occasioned by his demise.

A *Benefit* for his Widow and Family is announced for this evening, at the Arch street Theatre.

Trotting Match.—A trotting match came off on Tuesday at the Hunting Park Course. Lady Jackson, Collector, Jerry, Comet, and Chancellor, contended for the purse—three miles and repeat. Won by Lady Jackson. First heat gained by Jerry, in 8 minutes and 18 seconds; second heat in 8 minutes, 28 seconds, and the third in 8 minutes 32 seconds, both won by Lady Jack on. Comet was drawn after the first heat, and Jerry was distanced on the second heat.

The third and fourth horses were from New York, and the fifth from Baltimore.

A mad race, of two miles and repeat, was contended for by four horses. First heat 4 min. 30 sec.; second heat 5 min. 32 sec.

Longevity.—There are few persons, advanced in years, who consider their decease as an event which will shortly take place. An old gentleman, aged only *eighty-four* years, on being informed of the death of an acquaintance at the advanced age of *ninety-six*, answered, "I am sorry to hear of his death, but I confess, I am not much surprised. His constitution was naturally weak, and he was habitually careless of his health. *I always predicted that he would not be long-lived!*"

It is stated in the Quarterly Review, that the Cholera, in the city of Bassora in Asiatic Turkey, in the space of fourteen days, carried off between 15 and 16,000 inhabitants, out of a population of 60,000. This was about one-fourth of the whole population. In Bagdad, another Turkish city, it destroyed one-third of the population. The whole number of deaths in England and Scotland, up to the 3d of August, was 9,057. The number of cases to that date amounted to 24,088.

Young Napoleon has a Latin inscription upon his tomb, the English of which is—"To the eternal memory of Joseph Charles Francis, Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon, Emperor of the French, and Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria, born at Paris, March, 20th, 1811. Already in his cradle he was hailed by the title of King of Rome; he was endowed with every faculty and advantage, both of body and mind; his stature was tall, his countenance was adorned with the charms of youth, and his conversation full of affability; he displayed an astonishing capacity for study and the exercise of the military art. Attacked by a pulmonary disease, he died at Shœnbrunn, near Vienna, July, 22d, 1832."

Death by Hydrophobia.—A lad, named Thomas Fought, died of hydrophobia, at the house of his grandfather, in Carlisle, on Monday last. He was, as we learn from the Carlisle Herald, bitten severely in the cheek, about three months ago, by a dog believed to be mad. The wound healed up without much trouble, and no further apprehension was felt on the subject. On Friday week, he was taken ill, and continued gradually to grow worse till Monday morning, when he died. Although some symptoms usually accompanying hydrophobia were wanting, there is no doubt but that the death of the boy was occasioned by the bite of the dog. The lad was an active and healthy child, and his death is deeply lamented by his relatives.

The horse attached to a carriage, in which were two ladies, Mrs. and Miss Lacy, in Chesnut street, on Saturday morning, were started by some accident, and ran furiously down the street, the driver having dropt one of the reins. After breaking several boxes and almost upsetting a loaded dray, the horse turned down Third street throwing the driver from his seat. They pursued their way between piles of wood, heaps of brick, and other impediments, until they reached Willing's alley, where one of the reins became entangled in the wheel, and the horses were checked. The ladies were taken out of the carriage, greatly alarmed, but not injured.

It is stated in the Savannah Georgian, that in the distribution of the Cherokee lands which are to be drawn on the 23d inst., there are 218,000 tickets, and that it will require the whole strength of a powerful man to turn the wheel in which they are placed. It is supposed that at the lowest calculation seven months will be occupied in the drawing. The wheels to be used were manufactured in the *Penitentiary*, which, as it strikes us, is a most fit workshop for any instrument to be used in this grand "by authority" scheme for rendering injustice and oppression popular, and corrupting the morals of the people "*according to law.*"

The Lexington (Ky.) Observer of the 13th inst. says—"A suit for breach of promise of marriage, and seduction, was tried before the Circuit Court, in this city, on Wednesday and Thursday last.—The parties, Miss Clark, of Clark county, plaintiff, and Mr. Rodgers, of Fayette, defendant, were cousins. The damages were laid at $10,000, and the Jury, after a patient investigation of the case, gave a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, for that sum. We understand that the circumstances of the case were so aggravated, that the Jury would have given a verdict for a much larger sum, had it been claimed. We believe this the largest verdict ever given in the United States in any similar case."

Suicide.—We understand that a young man, aged about twenty, and formerly in the employ of one of our most respectable mercantile houses, in Front street, committed suicide, by taking laudanum, at his lodgings, on Saturday evening last. His relatives reside in Germantown. He was apparently of sane mind, and the motive for the rash act is yet unknown.

Among the victims of Cholera in England, the gentlemen of the press have numbered the following—Mr. Godwin, of the Morning Chronicle, a son of the celebrated author of the Memoirs of Caleb Williams, and a young man of much promise; Mr. Motherwell, of the Morning Post; Mr. Palmer, of the Globe; Mr. Purcell, of the Spectator; and Mr. Hirschfield, of the Alfred. Mr. Dave Ricardo has also fallen by the epidemic; he was the organizer and editor of the Edinburgh Evening Post and the Literary Gazette.

Governor of Vermont.—The Albany Evening Journal states, that Mr. Palmer has been re-chosen Governor, by the legislature. The final ballot resulted thus:—William A. Palmer, 112; Samuel C. Crafts, 72; Ezra Meech, 32; W. C. Bradley, 1.

The Louisville (Ky.) Advertiser, of the 13th instant, says—"In the absence of official reports, we deem it our duty to state that the Cholera is said to have made its appearance in Louisville. Some ten or twelve deaths have occurred from cholera, in the past week, if the attending physicians are to be believed. We make this statement to correct the exaggerated reports that have gone abroad. Whether the disease is increasing or declining, is more than we able to state."

A Remarkable Fact.—There are two hundred men, white and colored, who have been employed at the different liberies between Sewell's Point and Cape Henry, for a month past, and constantly exposed to the heat of the sun, the drenching of the rain, and the night dews; who are at least half their time immersed to the middle in salt water, and undergo great bodily fatigue, and who abstain from liquor only when it is not to be had for love or money; yet not one of them has been attacked by the cholera.—*Norfolk Herald.*

Post Office Management.—We have at no period since we commenced our editorial course in this city, known the newspaper mails to be so irregular as they are at present. We do not receive one paper in twenty by the eastern mail, when it is due. We have at this time more than 50 papers due from the cities of Boston, Providence, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. We would simply ask the question, (no offence we hope,) whether such a thing as a conspiracy exists to prevent the spread of information until after the Presidential election?—*Cincinnati Daily Adver.*

Mysterious Occurrence.—Since Monday last one of our most worthy and ancient citizens has been missing. The venerable Judge Workman, it appears, left the bay of St. Louis, where he had been spending the summer, on that day, in a sail boat, accompanied by two negroes, who were managing it, for the purpose of dining with Judge Haring, at Pass Christian, a distance of about five miles. The judge not being at home on his arrival, he soon after entered on board the boat, and started back for the bay of St. Louis, since which time he has not been heard of, and no trace of the boat nor the negroes discovered. Various conjectures are on foot—but we think, the most probable is, that the boat was capsized in a squall and all on board perished.

The Petersburg rail road is now finished as far as Captain Jarrott's, a distance of thirty miles; and in a few days it will be opened for general traffic. For the last two or three weeks the company's engine has been running daily, for the purpose of transporting materials for the construction of the remainder of the rail way. To-day the return train brought down twenty-four bales of cotton, as "an earnest" of the business about to be effected on the rail road.—*Petersburg Chro.*

An old man by the name of Richard Roberts, who lived in Madison county, was shot dead at Greenhaw's blacksmith shop, in this county, on the 18th ult. by one Charles Lewis of Madison county. The circumstances of this transaction are briefly these:—Lewis is one of three men who killed (in self defence "its said) William C. Roberts, a son of the old man above named, at Burrus' store, last spring. Johnson, another of the three, was shot by some unknown person, while going home from the place in July last, an account of which was then published. It is presumed that bad feelings have ever since existed among the surviving friends of the parties. And these feelings have, perhaps, led to the unhappy deed we are now recording. On the day of the late homicide, old Mr. Roberts was, as above stated, at Greenhaw's shop, walking about the door in a stooping position, apparently hunting for something—Lewis rode up, had a gun with him—and the first words that attracted the attention of those present, was his commanding Roberts not to advance towards him. At this salutation, Roberts aroused himself from his stooping position, and as he did so, Lewis fired and lodged the contents of the gun in Roberts' abdomen, which caused his almost immediate death. Lewis did not attempt to escape. He is now in jail in this place—the act having been done in this county, though the parties reside in Madison.—*Athenian.*

Waves of the Ocean.—The largest waves proceed at the ratio of from thirty to forty miles an hour; yet it is a vulgar belief that the water itself advances with such velocity, while the experiment, except a little spray above, remains rising and falling in the same place.

It is very remarkable that the *New Zealanders* attribute the creation of man to their three principal deities acting together; thus exhibiting in their barbarous theology, something like a shadow of the Christian Trinity. What is still more extraordinary is, their tradition respecting the formation of the first woman, who, they say, was made of one of the man's ribs: and their general term for bone is *heve*, or, as Professor Lee gives it, *ive*—a sound bearing a singular resemblance to the Hebrew name of our first mother.

Lunatics in England.—From a report made in 1829, it appears, that there were at that time in England, a confinement in public lunatic establishments, 1,189 male, 1,314 female lunatics, or idiots; in private lunatic asylums, 1,770 males, and 2,564 females; in workhouses, &c., 26 males, and 52 females; making, in the whole, 6,225 persons in confinement. The number of individuals in the condition of lunatics or idiots, who were at large or with their relations, was 3,029 males, and 3,193 females; making a total of persons at large, of 6,222. The total number of lunatics was 6,286, and of idiots 5,741: making together 12,547 insane persons. To these must be added above 1,500 persons belonging either to parishes from which no returns had been made when the lists of the clerks of the peace were made out, or to towns which are counties of themselves, and which are not included in this summary. This addition makes the whole number above 14,000, of whom not fewer than 11,000 were paupers, and maintained at the expense of their respective parishes. Taking the whole of England, the average is about one insane person to every 1,000 of the population; while the average of the insane paupers is one to every 1,500. The malady has prevailed most in the agricultural districts, and least amongst miners.

Governor of Vermont.—The Albany Evening Journal states, that Mr. Palmer has been re-chosen Governor, by the legislature. The final ballot resulted thus:—William A. Palmer, 112; Samuel C. Crafts, 72; Ezra Meech, 32; W. C. Bradley, 1.

Mrs. Chapman.—Lucretia Winslow, afterwards the wife of Mr. Chapman, and finally the wife of Mina, was born in Barre, Worcester Co. Mass. possessed a strong and active mind; wrote an elegant hand; often visited Boston; was of genteel though rather a masculine appearance; was engaging in her manners and interesting in conversation; was ever respected where known, when young; of a low family, two of her brothers having been in state's prison, and she strongly suspected of aiding them in their crimes; when a girl, a muff which she had carried with her on a visit to a neighbor, was found to contain a roll of bank bill impressions unsigned. Those who knew her in early life, did not expect that she would come to any good end.—*Revolutist.*

A Fact.—At a public dinner given at the city of London Tavern, on the appointment of a new English Ambassador to Turkey, and at which the Turkish Ambassador was present, among the toasts which were given from the chair was, "Ottoman Porte and Turkish Ambassador," which was thus received in a Scotsman voice by the toast-master:—"A bottle of Port for the Turkish Ambassador."

Conference or Liberals.—During the last year, 59 vessels entered Marseilles for the purpose of traffic, of which 24 were Americans, 25 English, and 2 French. The exports of the colony amounted to $125,549 16, and the imports for the same period are supposed to amount to $80,000. The trade is with the natives, who live in the interior and along the coast, who bring camwood, ivory, palm oil, tortoise shell, and other productions of the country to the colony, and exchange them for European and American productions.

The Nashville Banner of the 11th instant, says:—"A debate of much warmth and feeling took place yesterday in the Senate, and occupied that body till a late hour, on a question connected with the proposition to expel a member for alleged disorderly conduct. This unhappy affair, which will be the subject of further discussion on Saturday next, will, we fear, be productive of much excitement and angry feeling among the members of the legislature and extend its influence into the community. It is a circumstance much to be regretted."

The name of the member is Robert Murray. The following is the resolution under discussion:

Resolved, that Robert Murray, a member of the Senate from the county of Carroll, Tennessee, for the disorderly behaviour, indignity and contempt offered to this house in the language contained in said document or protest arraigning and impanging the motives of certain members of both branches of this General Assembly, be and he is hereby expelled from his seat in this house.

A rencontre took place during the election at Cheraw, South Carolina, between Dr. Ellerbe and Dr. M'Queen; and the former gentleman is since dead of the wound received on the occasion.

From the Charleston (S. C.) Patriot, of Oct. 1st.

Miss Lane.—Last evening, a mob headed by a man named Wingus, at the instigation of the Hon. the City Council, came to the store of a Mr. named John Shackle, in King street, and broke the blinds and demolished a part of the crockery ware. Mr. Shackle repeatedly warned them that he would present his house while the mob were throwing bricks at it—and that he would shoot them if they persisted. They still persisted, and a pistol loaded with duck shot was finally discharged by one who was defending the premises, and shot Wingus, it is said, in the leg.

The guard did not interfere to protect Mr. Shackle, until after the affray was over. The mob threatened to come back with hooks to pull the house down.—The house is the house of a Union man. The mob were Nullifiers. Mr. Shackle has addressed the following letter to the Intendant.

To the Hon. Intendant of Charleston.

Sir—I am a German, an adopted citizen and while peaceably pursuing my business in my own store, my house was attacked by a mob led on by one Wingus, who is employed, and in the pay of the City Council as the Guard House. My premises were filled with brick bats, and threats held out that my house would be torn down. In defence of my house a friend of mine was with me fired and shot Wingus, he believes in the leg.—Should the rudian assault be renewed, it will be my duty to protect myself and property, and if blood are lost, the responsibility must rest on those who have the charge of the public peace. I was assaulted because I was a Union man. The assault was by a mob gathered in the lower part of the city. I reside next to Bunnery street in King street.

Respectfully, your most obedient servt.

JOHN SHACKLE.

The truth of the facts above stated sworn to before me, 10th October, 1832.

L. B. THOMPSON, N. P.

Barbarous Punishment.—A wretched negress, who was condemned to death during the winter's sojourn at Bonl, by something like a jury of old men, was brought out for execution. She was rubbed with honey from head to foot, and then lashed to the trunk of a gum tree. In this state swarms of musquitoes and venomous insects instantly lodged themselves in her ears, nostrils, and eyes, and attending her breast, inflicting the most terrible torture upon her. Two days afterwards the body of this unfortunate woman was become a mere misshapen mass, covered with myriads of bleeding insects. The name given to this species of punishment by the natives themselves, is the musquito tree.—*Corbierre's Narrative of a Visit to the Western Coast of Africa.*

Impassioned Eloquence!—The Saratoga Sentinel gives the speech of a young orator at a late convention in that county. He was from Waterford, and a great wit withal, and he gathered himself together and exploded somewhat in the following manner: "Mr. Chairman," said he, "I say, Mr. Chairman; ahem! as I before said, Mr. Chairman;" here his eye kindled, and his bosom heaved with the majesty of his conception—"this administration is a mere fudge!" and having uttered the remarkable words he sat down amid the deafening acclamations of his auditory.—*Troy Budget.*

The London Morning Herald, of the 4th of September, draws this dismal picture.

"On whatever side we look we see no salvation for England (and it is vain to attempt to disguise it,) without a change of system. We must have government conducted, not for the aggrandisement of the few, at the expense of the many, but for the comfort and welfare of the great mass of the people. Our skilful (we may say our unrivalled) artizans are starving in our streets. Our agricultural laborers are in no better condition than the West Indian slaves. They have not, perhaps, as much to eat and drink as the slave. They are farmed out by many parishes to contractors, who make a livelihood by feeding them on a starvation scale. Droves of them are sometimes disposed of by auction. The boundary of the parish is the limit of the operations of that surly charity which scowls relief through the aspect of the overseer. If they take a stick from the hedge, there are the whip and the treadmill for them; if want driven them to lay their hand on more substantial property, there are the gallows and the executioner; yet crime increases, and property is more insecure than ever. Theft, violence, and conflagration, attest the morality which misery produces. We must have cheap Government, that the people may be enabled to live."

Police Office.—A journeyman blacksmith, whose name we forbear mentioning, and whose clothes, although soiled by his repeated troubles in the street, bore evident marks of having been well dressed and well attended by some clever female hand, presented himself in a state of intoxication at the police office on Friday, and requested Mr. Lowrie, the presiding magistrate of the day, to commit him to Bridewell. The reasons assigned for this request were, that he had been drunk for a week—that his conduct was hateful and disgusting to his wife, who is highly respected, but whose kindness and attention he had much abused—and that his trade was neglected, so that he might be brought to ruin by an actual imprisonment in Bridewell. He implored a commitment as the only remaining alternative which could save himself and family from ruin and disgrace. The magistrate after listening to his story, advised him to go home, and try what effect a sleep might produce, which he finally promised to do, but with an intimation that he would return to the officer unless he got sober in the course of the day.—*N. Y. Cour.*

Locomotive Engine.—We had the gratification yesterday of examining the locomotive engine called the American, just finished by the inventor, Mr. Wm. T. James, No. 40 Eldridge street. This machine, in most respects, is superior to those manufactured in England; and, being entirely American, is highly creditable to the ingenious inventor. Its power is equal to 16 horses; and from its noiseless movements, on a short rail-way on the premises of Mr. James, we have no doubt it will be highly appreciated on this account. But its greatest advantage is, that a boy of four years of age can manage it with but little instruction. It can be stopped in a second, and a retrograde motion given to it; and what is more surprising, is that it is supposed that it can be propelled at the rate of forty miles an hour: much faster than any one would like to travel. The boiler is small and the machinery simple, and it requires but little fuel or water to give it a rapid motion. We understand this invention is perfect, and that it is so considered by men best calculated to judge its merits. It will be forwarded to Baltimore in a few days, and be placed at the head of cars on their great rail-road.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

Prescott, U. C., October 16.—*Most Melancholy.*—The following melancholy particulars were most obligingly communicated to us by Mr. Peter Grant, just as our paper was going to press. Two men, each on a scaffold erected for the purpose, were watching for deer on the Nation river, in the township of Mountain, on Thursday evening last, the 11th instant, and had agreed, if one shot at the deer and wanted the assistance of the other, to whistle; one of them soon shot at a deer, and, unfortunately, just at the time, Mr. James Grant, of South Gower, made his appearance in a canoe, and, fearful of being shot, he whistled, when the other man, perceiving something in the water, and thinking it was the deer, took aim (his gun being loaded with two balls) and shot Mr. Grant through the thigh, which caused him to bleed to death immediately. The ill-fated young man who, unfortunately, shot Mr. Grant went the next morning and gave himself up, who was advised to go to the inquest. An inquest was held on the body by Doctor Wiley, on the 13th instant, and the verdict was "accidental death."

The case of Mr. Grant is truly affecting. The banns of marriage had been published between him and the female of his choice, and he was to have been married on Sunday; but mark the change! he was shot on Thursday night, an inquest was held on his body on Saturday night, and he was buried on Sunday. A most affecting and appropriate discourse was delivered on the occasion by Rev. Mr. Webster, who was, on that day, to have performed the marriage ceremony.

New Invention.—We have witnessed, within a few days past, a Torpedo, to be used in blowing up houses during a fire; it is very simple, and we doubt not it will be found to answer the purpose intended, without the usual risk attending such operation. It is made of tin, in a cylindrical form—its length is about 14 inches, its diameter 13. On the side there is a tube, communicating with the inside of the canister, through which the powder is deposited and the match secured. The match is about sixty feet long, and is kept in a state of preservation by a box, which is formed on the side of the torpedo, surrounding the tube—the box is of sufficient dimensions to contain the match when properly wrapped up.

It was invented by the Rev. Jarvis B. Buxton, rector of St. John's church in this place. We are pleased to learn, that our police have taken measures to supply the town with a number of us, as we think, highly useful invention.—*Fayetteville Journal.*

Mortality of Slaves.—It appears from a statement of Mr. E. Buxton, just published, that the British Sugar Plantations are carried on with a fearful waste of human life. It appears that in 1817 the total number of slaves in the West India Sugar Colonies was 730,112, of whom 369,577 were males, and 363,535 females. After a lapse of eleven years, the numbers in the West India Sugar Colonies are 670,917, of whom 330,534 males and 344,993 females. In the Mauritius 76,774, of whom 47,657 are males, and 29,117 females. The decrease in thirteen West India Colonies is 47,834; in the Mauritius, 10,767; together 58,601. But in two Colonies there has been an increase, viz: Dominica 2011, and Barbadoes 3,966; together 5,977; deducting which from the decrease, we have for the total decrease in the slave-population in the Sugar Colonies, on an average of eleven years, 52,824.

Paper Debts.—It is a fact, we believe, that newspaper debts are held by a large majority of those who contract them, of interior villages and country districts. It is not the less true, that the publishers of newspapers are the most liberal class of business men, and in the first instance, and to the last degree, indulgent to debtors of any description can be.

A man pays cash for his daily food and clothing, and for all mechanic works. He pays interest in advance upon his bank debts or his credit is dishonored. So far from paying in advance, many of our friends think they act literally if they pay for their newspapers at the end of the year; and men, who plume themselves upon their punctuality and scrupulously honest dealing in other respects, will let their newspapers accounts run for one, two, three, or more years, if not called upon, until the amount of the account produces almost an inability to pay it, and not unfrequently a doubt of its solvency.

Now, why should a man pay his butcher or baker, his tailor or his shoemaker, or his landlord, more willingly than he pays the publisher of a newspaper to which he is a subscriber? The butcher and the baker turn over their money perhaps fifty times in the year. The money received to-day is laid out for cattle, or a fresh supply of flour, before the end of the week, which is sold out again the week following. A profit of ten per cent. upon their sales may therefore be a profit of 500 per cent. per annum upon their first outlay; a profit received day by day. How is it with the publisher? He pays cash for the paper he prints upon—cash for wages—for house rent, and all the contingencies of his business; he has out of his money, not for weeks or months, but for years, unless he presses for payment. At the low price to which competition has reduced newspapers, now is possible for any one to conduct a business of the sort, without payments being made in advance, or at least with regularity, and at reasonable intervals.

These are those who suppose that newspapers yield a large profit; we have seen known some good people who suppose that the publishers of them can afford to furnish them gratuitously, and therefore they never trouble their heads about paying for them. Some persons are even offended if an account is presented to them, as though it was intended to pick their pockets.—*Nat. Intel.*

A Fee Phenomenal.—A few days since an accommodation stage arrived at Whitehall from the river, with a couple of passengers who were more than half seas over, and a lot of fresh fish from the Susquehanna. A wag who was present at the arrival, remarked to Mr. Darkee: "I perceive, sir, that you have a scale set of passengers—a goodly proportion of them too, are suckers."

The ancient mode of suicide revived.—May 11th.—D. Manuel Mancy Texas, general [illegible] viscos, a no more. From the city of Padis [illegible] parted on the 3d of July, at seven o'clock in the morning for the world of truth. He rose early on the 3d, and after washing and shaving, took his sword and walked into the fields. After some time he was sought for, and found behind a ruinous wall, fallen upon the ground, with his sword sheathed in his breast. It is with sincere regret we announce the decease of this distinguished general, who, in spite of some aberrations, has left claims, founded in justice and admitted by impartialness to live in the memory of his fellow citizens.

Antiquity.—A light house has been erected on the S. W. Point of the Island of Anticosti, at the mouth of the river St. Lawrence. The Keeper is James Hartley. It is built of lime stone, six stories high, and each story is finished suitable for families. The lower story is prepared and furnished for the accommodation of shipwrecked mariners. Provision posts are placed around the Island, within fourteen leagues of each other, and guide boards to direct distressed mariners where they can find relief.

A Tobacco Chewer.—A man with one eye was detected on Saturday carrying off a keg of tobacco, weighing forty-eight pounds, from the grocery store at the foot of Beekman street. He was pursued and overtaken by the owner, who brought him to the Police Office, where he adverted the fact of taking the keg, but stated that it was merely his intention to take out a chew and then return it, as he was much in want of tobacco, having had none since his arrival in this country, which was on Wednesday last.—*N. Y. Com.*

A New Dance.—At the festival lately at Gunton Park, the seat of Lord Sheffield, England, a new dance was introduced, after quadrilles, waltzes, gallopades, and reels, and which far eclipsed them all. It bears the old name of cotillon, but is totally new and unequalled in spirit and effect. It begins by some six or eight couples, waltzing; a chair is suddenly introduced into the centre, in which the first gentleman seats his partner. He then leads up and presents each of the other gentlemen by succession. If the lady rejects the discarded retires behind the chair, but when "the right man," as the old saying goes, arrives, the springs go, the tone and accent of the music are accelerated, and on she waltzes with the elected; the rest seize their partners off and the whole set capers and cut pasaes. A lady (in succession) is seated between two bearers, who importunately solicit her reluctant regard, till at length she gives herself to one, and the waltzing is resumed. A gentleman is then seated in the centre chair, bonds winked, and a lady takes the place on each side. In this perplexity of choice the Tuscaloo of the manste remains, till by a sudden resolution he decides for right or left, uncovers his eyes, and waltzes away with the chair's directed partner, followed as before, by the rest. The chairs are next placed triangularly, *dos a dos*, and three ladies are thus seated. The youths pace round them in a circle, till each of the fair ones throws her handkerchief, and away they again whirl. The men then appear to deliver each, but to one alone is given, a ring; and the dance concludes by the ladies passing hand-in-hand through arches made by the extended arms of the gentlemen, till each seizes his partner, once more swings round the circle.

Quick Writing.—Upon an occasion when a large issue of bank notes was required, a clerk in the Bank of England signed his name, consisting of seven letters, including the initial of his Christian name, 5,300 times during eleven working hours; and he also arranged the notes he had signed in parcels of fifty each.

[*Babbage's Economy.*

Melancholy.—A letter from Cheraw, S. C., gives an account of a quarrel, during the election, on the 9th instant, between Dr. Ellerbe and Dr. M'Queen, which terminated in the death of the former. In a state of excitement he struck Dr. M'Q. with a cowskin, when they closed up, and both of them falling out of a store door, Dr. E. struck his head against an iron bar, and expired in a few hours afterwards. The father of one and the mother of the other, were brother and sister.

War! War! in our Waters.—Marauders near.—Under the above title the Easton Gazette publishes the following extract of a letter from Kent:—

"I have been out with the *posse* in the open Bay, losing three nights sleep—chasing the Philadelphia and Jersey oyster boats, and capturing six out of nineteen sail of schooners and sloops. One of the former we boarded and carried in fine style, chasing her in open battoes at about three miles from Swan Point, near to Kent Island."

"With what we took before, we have in all ten vessels, sent and anchored above our bridge. The crews are as rascally a looking set of fellows as the world can show, and it keeps our town agitated, though guarded whilst they remain here. We hear to-day that the Queen

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
Saturday, October 27, 1832.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We have received a remittance from St. George's, Delaware, dated October 15, to which, by inadvertence on the part of the writer, no name is attached. Can we know from whom the money comes, we can at once place it to the proper credit. The error of the letter will please excuse the mistake.

Some weeks since, we published in our Odd department, a mathematical question over the signature "W. P. R." The solution of which has not yet appeared. If the writer furnished the answer with the question, it has been mislaid, and he will oblige a portion of subscribers by furnishing us with another copy.

L. D. is inadmissible; as delicate a subject as that he has ventured, requires more delicate treatment.

The "Wounded Lover," &c., is rejected.

The tale of Tony, may be true to the letter, but it is generally indifferent in interest.

To Subscribers, we decline inserting; it is much less amusing than a previous article by the same writer.

Lee's head-writing like a masculine appointment, to the good name of her verses do credit to the intellectual south of her sex. Her article shall have place.

Ode to Poetry, by R. S., is a fool on the art; the author sufficiently convicts himself.

Appointment by the Governor.—Barnabas Davis, of Kent, to be inspector of flour, for the port of Philadelphia, in the place of Jacob Bolgate, Esq., deceased.

Appointment by the Mayor.—Jacob Lawrence to be Principal Cashier and Receiver of Wharfage at Lombard Street, in the place of Benjamin Dennett, resigned.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, son of Peter Jefferson, one of the earliest emigrants to this country; educated at William and Mary College, and at an early age distinguished himself by an unyielding spirit of investigation and research; at the age of twenty-five was put in the house of burgesses, and soon after wrote a pamphlet, entitled, "A Summary View of the Rights of British America," for which he was threatened by Lord Dunmore, governor of the province, with a prosecution for high treason; in 1775 was sent to Congress, which body he was chairman of the committee which reported the Declaration of Independence; in 1779 was chosen governor of Virginia, in 1783 minister to France, and in 1789 made secretary of state by President Washington; in 1797 was elected Vice President of the United States, and in 1801 President, by the House of Congress, he and Aaron Burr having received an equal number of electoral votes; died July 4, 1826, at the advanced age of eighty-three.

Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, respectably educated, and early put in the house of burgesses, a seat which he retained until his death, being always elected when not engaged in other public duties; was sent to Congress in 1774, where he distinguished himself as an ardent friend of liberty; a characteristic anecdote is related of him, on the occasion of the members of Congress affixing their signatures to the Declaration of Independence. While signing the instrument, he assured Mr. Gerry, of Massachusetts, standing beside him, Mr. Harrison himself was quite corpulent, Mr. Gerry was slender and spare. As the former raised his head, after inscribing his name on the roll, he turned to Mr. Gerry, and facetiously observed, that when the time of hanging should arrive, he would have the advantage over him. "It will be over with me in a minute," said he, "and I shall be dead before you have time to know that you are choked." In 1782 Mr. Harrison was elected governor of Virginia; he died in 1791. His talents were of the useful rather than of the brilliant cast.

Francis Lightfoot Lee, of Virginia, a gentleman of strong good sense, discriminating judgment, and solid abilities; was early chosen a member of the house of burgesses, and subsequently a member of Congress, where his surpassed him in warmth of patriotism and zeal in urging forward the measures which contributed to the success of the American cause.

Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania, a philosopher, statesman, and a man of extraordinary genius and research, was born in Boston, received a scanty education, turned his time to the printing business, and with as a farthing in his pocket proceeded to Philadelphia, from chance, on the faith of promises which proved fallacious, he sailed for England, and to sustain himself in London he laboured as a journeyman printer; this was one place, in after life, he repaired as the agent of Pennsylvania; after severe struggles Franklin rose rapidly in public estimation, he was appointed to various public offices, and sent on various missions to foreign countries, the duties of which he invariably performed with unceasing fidelity; he was the first postmaster general in this country; after taking as active part in the first Congress, he in 1785 was elected a assistant of Pennsylvania; he died [illegible], in the 85th year of his age. Notwithstanding the number of his public duties, Franklin paid great attention to literature and science; his works and discoveries are among the most interesting of the day, and to a youthful student none are more valuable. His private history is highly entertaining and instructive.

Jasper Ewing, of Pennsylvania, son of a respectable farmer, educated for the bar, and settled in Lancaster, where he attained a high reputation as a counsellor and advocate; in 1768 was sent to the state assembly, to which he was returned every year until 1771, when he was chosen to Congress; in 1779 was appointed a judge of the court of admiralty for the state of Pennsylvania. Mr. Ewing was a statesman of enlarged views, talents, and patriotism; as a representative he obtained the unqualified approbation of his constituents; as a politician he was zealous, honest and determined; as a judge learned and upright.

Thomas Rodney, of Delaware, of an ancient and distinguished family; at the age of twenty-eight was appointed high sheriff in the county in which he resided, and which office he rose through various others, until he came to Congress, of which body he was several years a member; in 1777 was elected governor of the state of Delaware, which office he filled with high credit until 1781, when he resigned on account of ill health, he died in the early part of the following year. Mr. Rodney was a man of integrity, fine patriotic feeling, and proved of efficient service to his country in the most trying period of her to which he was chosen.

Francis Hopkinson, of New Jersey, a poet and a philosopher, and a gentleman of acute discernment and [illegible] powers of mind; was appointed collector of [illegible] under the royal government, but sacrificed [illegible] to the cause of his country; in 1776 was sent to Congress, and soon after the adoption of the federal constitution was appointed by Washington, judge of the United States for the district of Pennsylvania; as a humorous and well known ballad called the "Battle of Keys," and several other other favorite productions in an agreeable vein, in the fifty-third year of his age.

John Adams, of Massachusetts, a detailed biography of whom we published some weeks since.

John Adams, of Massachusetts, a descendant of the [illegible] at an early age developed a strong inclination for learning and the arts; was appointed a representative to the state legislature, and afterwards to a seat in Congress, where to talents of a high order and the most commanding eloquence, he added an ardent devotion to the cause of his country, and a moral character which distinguished him through life; he was the only person who nominated General Washington commander in chief of the American armies; was one of the committee to draft the Declaration of Independence, which document he ably supported on the floor of Congress; in two years was on ninety different committees in Congress, and chairman of twenty-five; in 1778 was appointed commissioner to France, and in 1785 minister to the court of St. James; in 1789 was elected Vice President of the United States, and in 1796 President; died on the 4th of July, 1826.

Robert Treat Paine, of Massachusetts, a merchant, a teacher, a minister, and a lawyer, who took an active part in the first revolutionary proceedings; in 1770 was elected to the legislature, and in 1774 to Congress; in 1780 was made attorney general, and in 1790 was transferred to a seat on the judicial bench; died in 1801, aged 73; was a christian and a scholar, a patriot of inflexible firmness, and a judge, impartial, honest, and intelligent.

Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, educated for a physician, but preferred the active business life of a merchant, which pursuit he engaged in with unusual success for many years; in 1772 was elected to the legislature, and in 1775 to the continental Congress, in which body he remained for many successive years, engaged in promoting the cause of his country; in 1805 was elected governor of his native state, and in 1813 Vice President of the United States; he died 1814, aged 70.

We give, in another column, an article from a foreign periodical, detailing the result of an experimental journey, made on a common road, in England, by a steam carriage, recently invented. The satisfactory issue will no doubt induce other exertions, until this species of conveyance becomes as familiar as any other. Our own mechanics—and certainly there are those among us, second in ingenuity and enterprize to none in the world—should not be idle. If locomotive engines, on common roads, succeed in England, they must succeed here.

We are advised that during the next session of the legislature of this state, a vigorous effort will be made to procure the passage of a bill laying the foundation of a system of Common Schools, by which every child in the commonwealth will have an opportunity to acquire a good practical education. We rejoice much at this measure, and trust that the friends of the cause will pursue it vigorously.

It is also mentioned to us that the entire abolition of Lottery Gambling, in Pennsylvania, is a measure which will be strongly urged upon the next state legislature. Among those who will be prominent in recommending this object, will be found several who have, until lately, been engaged in vending tickets, but who, convinced of the demoralising effects of lotteries, feel it a duty they owe to the public, to lend their aid in discountenancing the pernicious system.

The committee appointed to solicit donations for the relief of the Cape de Verd sufferers, have, we presume, entered promptly upon a discharge of their duties, and will soon be able to render a good account of the liberality of our citizens. To all who are thus engaged, the gratification which arises from the consciousness of doing good, must more than counterbalance the irksomeness of solicitation, and to those who give a moiety of their money or their goods to relieve the distresses of suffering humanity, there is, in the consolations arising from the exercise of charity, a rich reward, the value of which none but those who experience it can determine. It is good to alleviate the distresses of our fellows—it is sweet to chase away the tear of the orphan, and hush the wail of the widow; and it is pleasant beyond description to raise from the bed of sickness those whom the hard hand of poverty and famine have weakened unto death.

Charity is an employment so noble—so becoming the dignity of our nature—that opportunities to exercise it should be sought after rather than shunned. The distressed it is our business to take care of. The possessors of houses, of lands, of wealth, constitutes us the almoners of the bounty of heaven, and as our stewardship is faithful or unfaithful, so will we receive the approbation or displeasure of the Sovereign of all things.

Those of our citizens who may not be called upon to contribute of their wealth, will be gratefully received at No. 103, South Front street, whence it will be forwarded by a vessel about being engaged for the voyage. Potatoes, which are now gathering in the country, with any other vegetables that are calculated to bear the passage, will be particularly acceptable. Ship and pilot bread, salted fish, beef and pork, corn meal, corn and flour of every description, will also be suitable.

In noticing in our last paper the dimensions of a large beet, left at the office, a material error occurred, which we think proper to correct. The weight of the beet is *nine* pounds: it is *twenty inches* in length, and *two feet* in circumference.

The Columbia Spy, of a late date, notices a mammoth vegetable of this species, which though not so large as the one at our office, exceeds its weight several pounds. It was eighteen inches long, *twenty-one and a half* in circumference, and weighed *thirteen* pounds.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The election for Electors of President and Vice President of the United States, takes place throughout the state of Pennsylvania, on Friday next, and in all the states of the Union, excepting those in which the electors are chosen by the legislature, on various days within two weeks after. The polls will be opened in the several counties, at the places where the October elections are held, and will be conducted by the same judges, inspectors, and clerks. Those who are qualified to vote for state and county officers, are also qualified to vote for electors.

The electoral ticket, nominated by the National Republican party, having been withdrawn, but two tickets will be presented to the people—one denominated the Jackson ticket, the persons on which, if elected, will vote for Andrew Jackson as President, and William Wilkins as Vice President; and the other, the Anti-Jackson ticket, which, if successful, will be brought to bear, in the most efficient manner possible, against the re-election of the present incumbent. The following is the

JACKSON TICKET.

Samuel M'Kean	William Brindle
Christian Garber	Adam Light
Edward King	George Bantiz
Benj. W. Richards	Daniel Sheffer
George W. Smith	Frederick Orwin
John Claymaker	George M'Culloch
Oliver Alison	John Murray
George G. Leiper	David Gilmore
Henry Schweiz	David Fagan
Adam Ritcher	Patrick Mulvany
William Addams	James Potter
John Schall	John V. Barclay
Jacob Kooker	Wilson Smith
David D. Wagoner	Jonathan T. Knight
William Sweitzard	William Thompson

And the following, the

ANTI-JACKSON TICKET.

Richard Rush	William Piper
Cadwallader Evans	Levis Pennypacker
Samuel Harvey	Maxwell Kennedy
Nathan Pennypacker	William Johnson
Nathaniel B. Boileau	David Ferguson
John Waiter	John Eckert
Michael Fackenthall	Samuel Leidy
Nee Middlesworth	William Wilson
Chester Butler	William M'Elwain
William Line	Jacob Hade
James Entriken	Frederick Gebhart
William Calvin	Thomas M'Keever
Benjamin Darlington	William Ayres
John Taylor	Robert Falconer
Jonathan Row	Daniel Montgomery

If we are rightly informed, the situation of both electoral tickets, is somewhat peculiar and ambiguous. The regular National Democratic Nomination is, for President, Andrew Jackson; for Vice President, *Martin Van Buren;* whereas the gentleman on the Jackson electoral ticket are pledged to vote for *William Wilkins*, as Vice President. Should this ticket be successful, therefore, the vote of Pennsylvania, as far as regards the second office in the government, will be thrown away, as Mr. Wilkins has not been nominated in any other state in the Union—so that his election is impossible. The reason why Mr. Van Buren has not been taken up in Jackson, is, probably, a fear that his unpopularity would injure the Jackson cause.

On the other hand, the Anti-Jackson electoral ticket was nominated, in March last, by the friends of William Wirt and Amos Ellmaker, who, it is considered, are much more numerous than the friends of Clay and Sergeant. To run two Anti-Jackson electoral tickets, would be to insure the success of the Jackson ticket; the Clay electors have, therefore, been withdrawn, that the whole Anti-Jackson opposition may be concentrated on one nomination. The reasoning of the Clay party, in reference to this compromise, is, that if the state is lost to Jackson, his election by the people is impossible; and that, in the event of the choice of President being thrown upon Congress, Mr. Clay's success is highly probable. Under any circumstances, they believe that John Sergeant will be elected Vice President, in consequence of the number of candidates for that office.

As the mode of proceeding, when the electors are chosen, is not familiar to many—occurring, as it does, but once in four years—we shall give a brief outline of the established regulations, as regards this state.

The electors having been informed of their choice, by the return judges of the several counties, are required to appear, personally, at Harrisburg, before the hour of nine o'clock, A. M., on the first Tuesday of December, and notify the Governor of the Commonwealth, that they are ready to perform the duties of their office. The Governor is required to notify the legislature of the arrival of the electors, and if it should appear that any are absent, either from sickness, death, or any other cause whatsoever, the legislature proceeds, by a joint vote, immediately to elect a person or persons, to fill the vacancies which may have occured. The choice being made, the Governor is notified of the same, and required to inform the person or persons so elected, of their duties; after this has taken place, if the absent electors should appear, they are not allowed to take the place of those who may have been chosen by the legislature in their stead.

On the day following—the first Wednesday in December—the electors meet at twelve o'clock, M., and proceed to the hall of the House of Representatives, where, in presence of both branches of the legislature, they vote for *one person* as President, and *one person* as Vice President of the United States. Their votes are then sealed up, and are required to be delivered to the President of the Senate of the United States, on or before the first day of January next ensuing. On the second Wednesday in February following, the returns from the several states are read before Congress, and the result announced. Should no candidate have a majority of the whole number of votes, Congress immediately proceeds to an election—each state having one vote—from the three highest candidates returned.

THE RECTORY OF VALKHEAD.

This is the title of a little work just republished from the sixth London edition, by Messrs. Carey and Lea. It is a book designed, especially, for the edification of the moralist and christian—to show, by practical incidents in the life of the author, the comforts, joys, and sorrows, of the professor; and to point out the consolations of holiness, which, under all circumstances, are afforded to the truly pious. The author, the Rev. Robert Wilson Evans, M. A., has so arranged his work, as to furnish, with a beautiful model of domestic life, literary amusement and intellectual refinement, which recommend it to the study of all classes. It is without the slightest taint of bigotry or sectarianism, and will scarcely be perused by any who value and admire a peaceful and happy home, without lasting benefit.

THEATRICAL.

Mr. Booth's engagement at the Arch Street Theatre, though less attractive than ordinary, has drawn good houses. Kotzebue's play of the *Stranger*, on Monday evening, was performed at this house, before an audience evidently gratified with the efforts of the principal performers. Booth's Stranger was a happy effort, developing much of his superior skill, genius and power.

The play of the *Lover's Vows*, was enacted on Tuesday evening, for the benefit of Miss Courtney. The [illegible] of the part of Amelia, which she [illegible] excellent. This gentleman bids fair shortly to rival the best performers on our boards. His conception of his character is invariably correct, and indicative of an attentive and strong mind. His manner is chaste and animated, and though not possessed of sufficient strength of lungs to "split the ears of the groundlings," he uniformly pleases those who prefer acting to rant, and clear pronunciation to boisterous and unintelligible jargon. We should be pleased again to see him cast as Romeo, a character in which he excels.

The tragedy of *King John*, was performed on Wednesday, with Mr. Booth in a principal and favorite character. On Thursday, after the melo-drama of the *Rent Day*, the managers produced, in a style of unequalled splendor, the fairy spectacle of *Cherry and Fair Star*. The labor and expense bestowed upon this magnificent piece, can not but render it profitable to the enterprising managers.

Mr. Booth's benefit and last appearance was announced for last evening.

The Kembles have performed every evening during the present week, at the Chesnut Street Theatre, before fashionable and crowded audiences. The popularity of these strangers seems to increase rather than diminish. To see them in one play operates as an inducement to see them in another, and hence the box-office has been daily besieged to secure places, by the same individuals who were observed among the first applicants. Perhaps for years we have not had in this city two performers, whose popularity reached so great a height as the Kembles. It is true, that some of our critics in the dailies, have attempted to point out slight defects in the lady's style, and others have affected to consider the gentleman in some characters too stiff and formal; but it is no less true that unusual pains have been taken to hide these blemishes by holding out, in bold relief, what the same writers consider striking beauties.

It is not a little singular also, that when two writers have sat in judgment on the respective abilities of the Kembles, what the one has censured, the other has invariably praised—what the one has praised lightly over, the other has ably elucidated. The truth is, criticism seems set at defiance. We have known persons go to the theatre determined to be captious, and resolved to find fault, who have returned unable to say a word in disparagement of their praise. In whatever characters the Kembles appear, they give them new and attractive charms, and by their masterly performance carry captive the interest of every spectator.

Shakspeare's *Much ado about Nothing*, was performed on Saturday evening, with Miss Kemble as Beatrice, and Mr. Kemble as Benedict. The comedy was well performed throughout, and drew down repeated and hearty bursts of applause. On Monday, both performers appeared in the principal characters in the play of the Stranger, and the lady as Mrs. Haller, enacted the misguided and repentant wife to perfection.

The Hunchback, on Tuesday, was unusually attractive, and Fazio, on Wednesday, not less so. On Thursday new interest was given to the Gamester, by these distinguished performers.

Miss Kemble's benefit is announced for this evening, and it will be, we presume, such an one, as has not been obtained for years. The engagements of these artists is rapidly drawing to a close.

Wallack is again playing at the Park Theatre. His Boston engagement was very successful—he will appear at the Chesnut Street House after the Kembles.—Mr. Horn and Miss Hughes are playing at the Tremont Theatre, Boston.

The talented actress, Mrs. A. Drake, took a benefit at the Nashville (Tenn.) Theatre, on the 15th instant, enacting Belvidera and Marian Ramsey; and, in conclusion, delivered a well-written and eloquent "farewell address," *as written by herself.*

Cholera.—A letter has been received in this city, from Louisville, (Ky.) dated the 14th inst., in which it is stated that the cholera was then raging, both in Louisville and Cincinnati, to an extent greater than it has yet prevailed, either in New York or Philadelphia.

In Babbage's work on the Economy of Machinery, we find a notice of a new species of manufacture, considered by an officer of engineers, leading at Munich. It consists of lace and velvet-like open patterns made entirely by caterpillars. A paste made of the leaves of a plant upon which the caterpillar feeds, is spread thinly upon a stone, and the pattern drawn upon it in olive oil. The stone is inclined and the caterpillars placed at the bottom, and they commence eating the paste and spinning a strong web up the plane, carefully avoiding every spot touched with the oil. The result makes a perfect veil of lace, of considerable strength but of extreme lightness—a square yard weighing only 4½ troy grains, while a square yard of fine cambric muslin weighs a hundred times as much.

A new weekly periodical, entitled the *North American Gazette*, has been commenced in Augusta, Ga., by Mr. Benjamin Beasly. It is printed on a mammoth sheet, and the first number, which we have before us, exhibits a high degree of editorial taste and talent. The attempt cannot but prove successful.

Going the Whole.—We see it stated in a political paper, that in Cincinnati, Ohio, the Jackonnmen, at the recent gubernatorial election, electioneered with small hogs in their arms, and that the talis of the same party were ornamented with an engraving of a full grown porker!

The election returns from Ohio are not complete, but it cannot be doubted that the Jackson candidate for Governor, Lucas, has a majority, perhaps of 5000, or more. The whole number of votes is upwards of one hundred and thirty thousand. The struggle for Electors of President and Vice President, commences on Monday week.

The inquirer of this city complains, that the receiving tellers in our banks are in the habit of crossing and defacing any counterfeit note which may be presented for deposit, and thus preventing the holder from returning it to the person from whom he obtained it.

Uncertainty of Life.—The cholera has again appeared at Hagerstown, Md., with considerable violence. The deaths last week by the disease, were eighteen. Among the victims is Thomas Kennedy, Esq., editor of the Hagerstown Mail, and delegate elect to the legislature. In the last paper he published previous to his death, he thanked his constituents for their support. His illness lasted but a few hours.

A Small Affair.—A candidate for an exalted office in the gift of the people of New York, has had the following bill thrown in his teeth by a political opponent, who has found it in the public archives, where it was deposited as a Treasury voucher.

State of New York, to ——, DR.
For expenses of holding Special Court, at L., in June, 1830.

Baggage, (porterage,)	$0 44
Shaving,	0 25
Write June to my gentlemen???	0 50
Postage Bill,	0 94
Paid servant John ——,	0 50
Shoe Black,	1 50
WINE!! Washing,	6 87

A meeting of citizens, attached to various religious denominations, was held in this city, on the twelfth instant, pursuant to notice, at which it was resolved to set apart Thursday, the 15th of November, as a day of Thanksgiving, to the Father of Mercies, for his special favor shown to the inhabitants of this city, in arresting, at so early a day, the progress of the dreaded cholera. Bishop White presided. It was resolved, that the Governor of the Commonwealth be requested to recommend to our citizens the general observance of said day.

New Jersey.—The legislature of New Jersey convened at Trenton, on the 23d instant. A quorum of both houses being present, the Council organized by unanimously appointing the Hon. Elias P. Seely, of Cumberland, Vice President. The Hon. John P. Jackson, of Essex, was unanimously chosen Speaker of the Assembly.

Cholera at Chambersburg.—The Chambersburg Republican of Tuesday, says:—"During the week, four out of which have proved fatal, the others have either recovered or are convalescent. Our citizens have not yet recovered from the panic occasioned by the appearance of the [illegible] disease, and at night scarcely a person is seen out of doors."

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

Danby's Painting, representing the opening of the Sixth Seal, is now being exhibited at the Adelphi, in this city.

A Curiosity.—A double headed turtle may be seen at Parker's Oyster Cellar, in Chesnut street above Third.

A person named Daniel Haines threw himself from the dormant window of a house in Strawberry Alley, Tuesday morning, and was instantly killed. On Sunday last, a man drowned himself in the Schuylkill, opposite Race street wharf.

A lad, named Charles Howell, about 13 years of age, was run over on Sunday, by one of the burthen cars on the Columbia Rail Road, and died in twenty minutes after. It appears that a number of boys were running the car on the road when young Howell slipping it passed over him, breaking his thighs and bruising him in a most shocking manner.

On Saturday night last, a fire broke out in the Exchange buildings, corner of Main and State streets, Hartford, Ct., which was not extinguished until considerable damage was sustained.

The Yellow Fever is raging to some extent, in New Orleans.

A true bill has been found at Newcastle Assizes against James Lyons, Esq. Member of the Upper Canada Parliament, for rape. Mr. Lyons has absconded from the Province, and Sills have been found against two individuals for assisting his escape.

A man of sensibility is always either in the attic of penances, or the cellar of sorrow; either jumping with joy, or groaning with grief. But pleasure and pain are like a cucumber—the extremes are good for nothing. I once heard a late minister compared to the same vegetable, "For," said the punster, "his ends are bad."

From the 16th to the 19th inst. (both days included,) 1980 tons of coal arrived at Boston from Philadelphia. Several cargoes were received from other ports.

It appears that, in the course of 1831, there were 413 bankruptcies in the department of the Seine, in Paris, which form only half of those declared in 1830, and is a less number than in any preceding year.

The New Orleans Emporium, October 5th, states that the steamer Monticello, burst her boiler below Donaldsonville, on Thursday, by which accident a man was killed.

Five thousand dollars have already been collected in Baltimore in aid of the sufferers at the Cape de Verd islands.

The Williamsport (Md.) Banner, of the 20th inst., says:—"Three cases of cholera occurred in this town on Saturday last, after our paper of that day was put to press, and since that up to yesterday six additional cases happened, making a total of nine within the period mentioned, four of which proved fatal. Since yesterday, no new case has occurred."

The distillery of Mr. King, in Lancaster, was destroyed by fire on Monday evening, and a young man at work therein was severely injured.

Sixteen deaths in Cincinnati on the 18th, by cholera. Disease abating.

The name of the Post Office in Washington co. Pa. heretofore called Brookland Cross Roads, has been changed to that of Florence. William L. Robb, Esq. is the Postmaster.

As a specimen of the difficulty of pronouncing and spelling our language, with the present alphabet, it was proved by Dr. Weeks of Utica, at the last meeting of the American Lyceum, that the word "phantom," might be pronounced wrong in 3,537, and written wrong in 3,023 different ways.

It appears from a new French Statistical Work that about 29,000,000 of French subjects speak their native language, but in *seventy different dialects*; the remainder, (4,500,000) speak German, Flemish, Italian, Celtic or Cantinese.

The total amount of known British insects (according to the last census) is 10,012, which is equal to near twice the number of ascertained birds, and to more than ten times the number of ascertained quadrupeds throughout the whole world.

A Welshman being examined in court as to the dimensions of a "cap" in a hedge, was asked—"What he had seen go through it?—a cow?" No. "A sheep?" No. "What, then?" O, said he, deliberately—*birds!*

Governor's Election.—We have received returns of the election for Governor from all the counties in the commonwealth, by which it appears that the majority for Governor Wolf is 3,076. The whole number of votes polled was 179,404; of which Governor Wolf received 91,240, and Joseph Ritner 88,164

The Charleston Evening Post says, that two thirds of the Senate of South Carolina, and three-fourths of the House, are nullifiers. Of course a convention will be convened on, and nullification will be attempted. We always knew something of that manner, which has failed to been used as abstract.

The Bradford Settler of the 20th inst. says: "A man named William Russell was arrested for stealing a horse, and lodged in the jail of this county on Tuesday evening last, and before morning hung himself with his handkerchief, by making a slip noose and tying one end to the grate in the window. His place of residence was in Rome township, in this county."

Clean bills of health are issued by the custom house of Montreal, to all outward bound ships. No case of cholera had occurred at that place during the five days preceding the 10th inst.

The governor of Massachusetts has appointed Thursday the 25th inst. a day of public Thanksgiving and Praise to Almighty God.

Twenty-five new cases of cholera were reported in Cincinnati for the twenty-four hours ending on the 14th inst. Twenty-eight new cases were reported on the 13th.

The Scarlet Fever, says the Union Town (Pa.) Genius of Liberty, is raging to a considerable extent in the south-western section of the county. Its attacks are mostly on small children, and in many instances it has proved fatal.

The Pittsburg Advocate of Tuesday last says:—"By a letter received in this city on Sunday last, it appears that about two weeks since, the steamboat Louisville, on her way from St. Louis, to New Orleans, above the mouth of the Ohio, struck a snag, and together with the cargo (180 tons lead) is entirely lost."

A dock belonging to Mr. Thomas Greenip, of Portsmouth, near Keswick, noticed in our paper a short time ago, as having laid 141 eggs in the year 1831, 113 of which were laid in so many successive days, has this year had the surprising number of 161 eggs, 135 of which were produced in that number of days in succession.

The English disembodied militia consists of 51,356 privates. The Irish, 18,725. The expenses of training were, in 1831, $750,000.

The Board of Health of Cincinnati reported on the 16th instant, that thirty cases of cholera had occurred since noon of the previous day—most of them were considered safe.

There are FOURTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-TWO Post Masters in the state of New York, whose aggregate receipts are 342,000 dollars per annum.

The sum of 3727 dollars has been collected in the various Churches and Societies in Boston, for the relief of the Cape de Verd islands. Other donations are also acknowledged. Meetings have been held in Charlestown and Salem for the same purpose.

Amongst the advertisements in a London paper we read that "two sisters want washing;" and that "A female, particularly fond of children, wishes for two or three, having none of her own, not any other employment.

The land upon which Cincinnati, (Ohio,) is built is said to have originally cost 49 dollars. It contained 640 acres, or a quarter section. Now, (in 1832,) some part of it is said to be worth 30 dollars a foot.

A young man named Gregory was shot and instantly killed, whilst sitting at his fire side, on the evening of the 30th ult. at Columbus in the county of Chenango, N. Y. The name of the supposed perpetrator is Denison, who is now in prison awaiting his trial.

William Porterfield, who was arrested lately in Boston, for stealing a pocket-book containing $80, has been sentenced to five days solitary confinement and two years hard labor in the Massachusetts State Prison. It is expected that the authorities of this State will make a requisition for Porterfield, on a charge of robbery.

As an evidence of the increased consumption of anthracite coal, it is stated, that during the present year, up to the 15th inst. there have been imported into Boston, 24,533 tons; while the importations of the last year did not, in all, exceed 9,255 tons.

The American Farmer notices an Egg Plant, the product of Orange farm, near Baltimore, which measured two feet one inch in circumference, two feet two inches in length, and weighed 5 lbs. 14½ oz. The editor says if any body can show him a larger one, "he should be glad to see it."

In the course of Mr. Rothschild's examination before the Committee appointed to investigate the concerns of the Bank of England, that gentleman stated that he "had brought lately in Paris £800,000 sterling (near five millions of dollars) in gold, that came from the Dey of Algiers, which had been locked up in his cellar; and did nobody any good."

The people of Michigan have determined by vote, not to take even the preliminary steps towards assuming the rank of a State. The Detroit papers attribute this decision to an apprehension that the making of a State Government would increase the burden of taxation.

It was stated in this city last week, that Samuel D. Ingham, late Secretary of the Treasury, under Gen. Jackson, was dangerously ill. A letter from a [illegible] source, received in this city last evening, says—"Mr. Ingham will not be able to [illegible] upon the duties of his [illegible] until the first of November, in consequence of sickness in his family." The report is contradicted.

A panther has been seen in the neighborhood of Uniontown, Fayette county, Pa. It has more than once pursued the children of Mr. Campbell, who resides in that vicinity.

It has been ascertained that the recent fire in Raleigh, (N. C.) by which Mr. Smith lost so much property, was the work of an incendiary. A man named Benjamin F. Seaborne has been arrested, upon whom was found about six hundred dollars in bank notes, which S. says a black man gave him on the night of the fire.

There are some arrant knaves about town, who take the benefit every evening at the Chesnut street Theatre, by inserting their hands into the pockets of some honest spectator, and taking therefrom whatever they can find. One of these gentry in New York, attempted to rob an editor. According to the Gazette, he gained nothing but a pair of scissors!

Baker's Intelligence Office,
Established in May, 1811.
SOUTH East corner of Chesnut and (entrances to) 3d st. (up stairs,) where Houses & Parts, Boarders, Partners, Clerks, Governess, Journeymen, Apprentices, Porters, Coachmen, Gardeners, Waiters, Stage Drivers, Grooms, Bar Keepers, Bakers, Porters, House Keepers, Wet Nurses, Seamstresses, Chambermaids and Child's Maids, men and women Cooks, evening men and women, Dairy Maids, Board and Children and [illegible] servants, &c. &c. always to be had.
For Sale. The time of a released boy, 15 years old, and 3 years to serve. Do. a Girl 20, and 8 to serve. do. 15 and 3. A middle aged man wants a situation as book-keeper, clerk or Teacher.
A Young Man wants a situation in a Grocery or Dry Goods store, or as Bar keeper.
Wanted $1,500 on a mortgage well secured.
Several Journeymen and Apprentices wanted
To Rent, a white girl, 9 years old.
a colored boy, 14. do. 13.
do. do. do.
sept 25—tf

Fine Wrapping Paper.
A FEW reams of Double Medium suitable for each paper as [illegible] Post is printed on. For sale at this office, 19 Hudson's Alley.

Wm. R. & Thos. E. Burr—Tailors,
RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public that they have commenced the Tailoring Business at No. 57 South Sixth street, between Arch and Race, where, by strict attention to business, they hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage. Their friends are invited to give them a call
sept 1—3m

Families and Country Merchants
LOOK AT THIS.
AT 279 Market Street above Eighth—Merino shawls and veils, Grenn velvets at half price.
Heavy black silk velvet, 31.98 1-2, such as sells at 37.50.
Scarlet and black merino shawls, all wool, 3-4, worth 14.
3-4 do 1 1-4 black, scarlet and white merino shawls.
4 black merino mantle shawls.....$4.50, worth 9.
10 pieces 6-4 heavy black Gros de Naples.....7 1-2 cents.
15 do. fine quality Gros de Naples.....10 do.
6 do. blue and black Gros de Tur.....9 1-2 do.
10 do. 7-8 wide colored Gros de Swiss, only.....8 do.
50 do. do. do. do. morning dress pat. do. 12 1-2 do.
20 do. do. Scotch chints, only 31 1-4 each as sold at 62.
50 do. do. dark chocolate and other colored chints, 12 1-2 cents.
Ladies' superworth silk hose, 37 1-2 cents.
24 pieces 6-4 cassimeres with work 4 bobbins, by the piece, 2 cents.
Ladies' super elastic top broken hose, only 8 cents.
75 dos large needlework'd capes, mostly stained, 183-4, worth 50 cents; Ladies' super needle work'd handkerchiefs at 6 1-4.
☞ *Just received from New York, cp*
1306-4 bk hose yarn, work'd with Mosaic, the handsomest in the city.
1217-4 & 3-4 bk lace shawls; 175 ladies' superior made cassimeres; 25 splendid rich work'd mantle for curtains, assorted patterns, only 25 cents, worth 50.
Italian crapes of all colors; ladies' superior elastic top broken glove silk, 37 1-2 cents; 1 dozen 3-4 do. do. do. do.

All things abound with jest; nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if those hunt the vein.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

QUESTION FOR SOLUTION.

A wretch, who spurned the virtuous path below,
To heaven above by other means would go;
He by mechanic art a ladder raised,
Whose height the vulgar and the learned amazed:
Thus heeds did, and he, and why not I?
Scale heaven as well as he, or hazard (?) try.
He laments had built but eighty upwards,
And bids adieu to all terrestrial friends:
Now wrapped in clouds, unseen by human eyes,
And now entwined by the azure skies.
But now a ball red hot he lets fall down,
Which fires a cannon at the base, whose sound
Ascends his ear in twice the length of time
The ball was falling from this height sublime.
We regret tell me if he's been heard on yet.
Or have he starving from his earthly spot.

Libertyville, Oct. 18th, 1832. A. J. P.

LINES ON HIMSELF,

BY THE WYSE ASS.

I am, perhaps, as you will say,
A very curious creature!
For I am changing every day.
My name, my shape, my nature.

I am Tom King—and so am known,
But is it not provoking?
Whenever I to jest am prone,
They tell me I am *Joking.*

Though fat I am as any bull,
With aptitude for making—
If I by chance, seem rather dull,
They swear that I am *Tom-King.*

In figure I am short and squat,
Yet if, with ladies walking,
I laugh, and chatter, "and all that,"
They vow that I am *Tall-King.*

At night they do admit my claim,
When Sol to rest is sinking:
They call me by my proper name,
And really find me *Home-King.*

INTENSITY OF AN AMERICAN LADY.—During the late war, a barge from the British frigate Nimrod, which at blockading our coast, came into Hebron Harbor, and secured several boats and provisions; to make their escape into a pond, they landed on a neck of land and commenced firing at them. The wife of one of the boatmen, on being told the circumstance, gave a young child she had in her arms to her servant girl, saying—"There, Sally, pray take this child, while I go and see them devils consumate Pinthon."

NATURAL INTEREST.—*Curran* was once asked what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue.—"I suppose," replied the wit, "he's trying to catch the English accent."

A WITTY RACAL.—A gentleman spying a number of mischievous little rogues in the act of carrying off a quantity of fruit from his orchard, without "leave or license," hawled out very lustily, "What are you about there, you rascals!" *"Aboot going,"* said one, as he seized his hat, and scampered off at a double quick time.

HARSH PREMATURE.—A priest being at conference, accused himself of having stolen some hay.—The father confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack. "That is of no consequence," replied the penitent, "you may get it down a wagon load, for my wife and I are going to fetch the remainder very soon."

A Friend having been cited as an evidence at a Quarter Sessions, one of the magistrates, who had been a black smith, desired to know why he would not take off his hat? "It is a privilege," said the Friend, "that the laws and liberties of my country indulge people of our religious mode of thinking in." "If I had it in my power," replied the justice "I would have your hat nailed to your head." "I thought," said he, dryly, "that thou hadst given over the trade of driving nails."

A GOOD ONE

A gentleman in the benevolence of his heart, despatched his negro servant with a fine pig in a basket, as a present to his minister. On the way was a grocery, at which Jack called to refresh his spirits, setting down his basket outdoors, and while he was attending his whiskey, some rode and wicked fellows stole from his basket the pig, and placed in its stead a young pig of their own, unconscious of the change, made rapid strides to the house of the worthy minister, and handed him the basket, saying, here is a pig massa sent you to eat. The minister, uncovering the animal, finds the contents of the basket not at all acceptable, and returned the basket to the servant with the message, "Tell your master that I don't eat puppies. "Puppy," says Jack, "what's that you say?" The ringing he again stopped at the same grocery for refreshment, and again placed the pig from his basket the puppy, and replaced the pig, and Jack in haste returned to his master. On his arrival, he handed the basket to his master, saying at the same time the message of the minister, "Massa massa, minister say he no eat puppy." The gentleman raising the covering, finds the pig fat, sassy, and cooked in good order, and says to his servant, "Puppy, Jack, what do you mean? this is a pig." Jack looks at the animal with the utmost astonishment, and exclaims, "me never see such a creature—he pig when he mind to be, and he puppy when he mind to be."

PARODY.—A correspondent has sent us the following parody on an effusion of N. P. Willis, bearing the same title, and published extensively about three years since.—The anecdote on which the writer has founded his sketch, as well as the one worked up by Mr. W. went the rounds of the newspapers many years ago, and may have been seen by most of our readers. We at the time considered them about on a parallel, and that the infantile impressions of one were about as natural as those of the other. —*N. Bedford Gazette.*

A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR

A PARODY.

It was a gusty night in March. The bleak cold winds
Roared heavily amid the forest trees—and tasgen signs
Sawing to and fro, with shrill and dismal cry,
Like an ungreased cart-wheel. Dark, murky clouds
Hung gloomily beneath the evening sky—shading
its sun-lit depths, e'en as the sombre pall
Conceals from view the "food Erasmus" Lee
We long have loved to look upon. No voice was heard
Save now and then, and the loud whistling of the wind,
The husky tones of darky—homeward bound—
Feel harshly on the ear, like the last gruff notes
Of dying porker.

From village store
Whither he had been to fill his famished jug,
Cuff Sambo turned home. His right hand grasped
The jug aforesaid—and the other led
His son—his only son—Cuff, Jr. The clouds
Still gather, darkly—Sambo and his son
Went with an earnest step upon their course.
With optimed eyes, and fearfulness of heart.
And there, above the clouds, in the blue shade
In the dense blackness, and behind appeared
The solemn sky—and in its depths there gleamed
A star—one lone and solitary star—
'Mid the surrounding darkness.
It caught young Sambo's eye—and leaping up
In youthful glee, he raised his tiny arm.
With "little fore-finger up," and pointed out
The bright and glittering gem, that shone so placidly
On his dark brow—and in the innocence
Of infant thought, and dusky intellect, exclaimed,
"Dad, dear dad, is that a gunlet hole
To let the glory through?"

Quidnesset Nock, June 21st.

A BOARDING SHARE.—A certain clergyman not a thousand miles from this city, with the prominent men of his church and congregation, (who have been celebrated for their high stand in favor of temperance) persuaded a man to open a temperance store, with a promise of giving him their patronage. He had a snug little property, and embarked the whole in the enterprise, expecting the promised support. But in this he was disappointed. Not more than two or three of the whole number ever came nigh him. The clergyman himself, after a little time, deserted him and went again to the rum grocery. When remonstrated with by a lady who had heard of the circumstance, he made evasive shifts, the most rational of which terminated in an intimation that he thought the rum grocer (who could doubtless live on the profits of his own house) sold his goods rather the cheaper. "Now," said the lady, "the temperance grocer lost his all, and now drives a cart for his daily bread, telling his story, at times, with a tearful eye.—The comfortable clergyman, with his thrifty flock, have shrewdly saved their sixpences—as they suppose—by upholding the traffic her in blood, and now enjoy and exercise all the influence their consistency can give them, in support of the temperance cause. Such instances, from good authority, and had we not known that similar instances were common, we should hesitate to publish statements so disgraceful to the professed friends of the cause. As it is, our sense of duty compels us to reprove such hollow hearted selfishness. We are tempted to give a list of names and places connected with such transactions. It would make the world stare, and the church blush.—*Genius of Temperance.*

HARVEY'S DRAWING ROOM.—A gentleman always enters the drawing room with his hat in his hand, though this is not peculiar to dinner parties; it is the custom in all cases whatsoever; one would no more leave his hat than his coat, in the ante-chamber, and since the thing meets some reproba on in New York, I will digress a little to defend it. It will not be denied that the most finished gentleman will occasionally, in the vicissitudes of a party, find a want of occupation for his hands. All round parties are a great many advantageous positions for them, such as being dangled into the armholes of the vest, folded behind under the skirts of the coat now and then thrust into the breech es pockets, and frequently sent aloft to ascertain if the collar and hair are in good order; but all this doesn't make out the evening. What, then, are we to do? Why, do as the ladies do, take your hat in your hand, where it is, and carry your hat. But, over and above the decided convenience of the custom there is a ten-dollar consideration, not to be lightly passed over. Who was ever at a ball or a party in New York, without losing his hearer? The thing has become such a nuisance, that gentlemen are obliged to keep one for the purpose, no poor to be stolen. What, then, I say again is to be done? Carry your hat. It puts one at ease among strangers as to have his hands employed. Even with old acquaintances it assists conversation. What is the objection to it? None in the world. Gentlemen, carry your hats! and ladies, do not ask us to lay them aside. I am sorry to deny a lady any thing, but I will carry my hat, come of it what may.

From the American Jest Book.

OLD HOUSE.—At one period, when the western parts of Pennsylvania were much more thinly inhabited than at the present day, and but few able lawyers resided therein, the late Mr. Dallas, and another eminent member of the Philadelphia bar, were specially retained to conduct an important cause there, in that country. Once beset through last few miles by the inclemency of the weather, they were stowed away in a garret, floored with loose clapboards, between which a citizen of slender dimensions might easily have descended to the lower regions: and the house, which was recently built of logs, was not yet clapped with clay, an operation which is generally deferred until a perfectly convenient opportunity intrudes. In the morning, the two travellers proceeded on their journey, and Mr. Dallas, less fatigued than his more lanky companion to such rustic accommodation, continued to ride forward, and finding rather uncomfortable, uttered not a word. "I say, Dallas," vociferated his companion, "why so chop-fallen, this morning? what is the matter with you?" "Oh, nothing," replied the chagrined barrister, "only that I see they keep open house in this part of the country."

JESSE HALLOWELL.—At the last March term of the District Court of the City of Philadelphia, one of the counsel, as is not frequently the case, engaged himself in disparaging observations upon the opposite party, who happened then to be a justice of the peace, but had formerly been something at a travelling merchant, vulgarly denominated a tin-peddler. At the Philadelphia bar, as at all other bars in the United States, several of the lawyers had certainly been brought up to other professions, and amongst the number, at least one gentleman had served a regular apprenticeship as a working tailor; and the advocate himself, who had successively flummeried upon the former calling of the plaintiff, was the son of a wealthy clothier, who had given him a collegiate education, and thus enabled him to use advantageously his natural talent for public speaking. "Sir," —it was in this case employed on the other side, and, as he usually indulged himself to rather unwarrantable lengths in cracking his jokes upon all that came in his way, he thought the present occasion was an opportunity to be passed by without some remark. "I don't like these illiberal observations," said he, "upon certain professions. One trade is as good as another. It is an *joke*, at the *Philadelphia* bar, for instance, to say that a *tailor* is only the ninth part of a man. A tailor, gentlemen, in Pennsylvania, may become a lawyer, and an eminent one: he may even become a judge, and sit upon the bench." "Yes," said Judge Hallowell, in his good humored way, "*he can try a suit.*"

PROFIT AND LOSS.—A shopkeeper in Boston, who pretended to sell goods extremely low, made a practice of telling the purchasers that he *lost money* by every article he sold. "I wonder much," says one of his customers, "that you continue in so bad a line of business." "Oh," replied the shopkeeper, "I couldn't stand it at all, only I do so much *off it.*"

An awkward servant, handing a plate to a gentleman at the City Hotel, in New York, spilled some of the gravy upon his clothes, and immediately cried out, "*Take care, sir!*" "Why, you rascal," exclaimed the gentleman, who thought he had suffered enough from the fellow's negligence, "*are you going to do it again?*"

BOSTON HOTEL OR BOSTON STORE.—A gentleman in Charleston, who entertained a good deal of company at dinner, had a black fellow as an attendant, who was a native of Africa, and never could be taught to hand things invariably to the *left* hand of the guests at table. At length, his master thought an infallible expedient to correct him and as the cook were then dressing a *terrapin made-breasted*, in the present Quaker fashion, he told Sambo always to hand the plate, &c., to the *bottom-hole* side. Unfortunately, however, for the poor negro, on the day after he had received this ingenious lesson, there was amongst the guests at dinner a foreign gentleman with a *double-breasted* coat, and Sambo was for awhile completely at a stand. At length he offered the plate to the gentleman's coat, then at the other, and finally, quite confounded at the unhandsome make of the stranger's garment, he cast a despairing look at his master, and exclaiming in a loud voice, "Buttun holes at *both sides, massa,*" handed the plate right over the gentleman's head.

SERVANTS.—Mike and Joe, who were brothers, and with their pops tilled a small sandy farm in the interior of New Jersey, were set to work pulling corn in the field on the sunny side of a bit of woods, upon one of the hottest days of the last July. It was the boys' first attempt at corn-ploughing, and the critter was one of the most stubborn and obstinate animals alive, treading upon alternate hills and tearing up the others. One of the lads held the stilts, while the other drove; but the fiend hit the beast, and the latter kicked at the boys, and rushed in among the corn, to the utter destruction of countless fine hills of the vegetable: but the boys tugged and sweated, and puffed and blowed, till, at length, Joe screamed "Wo!" and dashing his straw hat into the furrow, exclaimed, with a look of distress, "*Mike, let's go in the woods and sweer.*" "Well, let's," replied Mike, and having tied the "darn'd critter" to a stump, away they went to the woods, and sitting down upon the ground under an oak, Joe broke silence.—"Now swear Mike." "Yes," said he, "you swear first." "No, I swear, by golly!" "So do I," quickly added Mike, "I swear by golly too!" "Now let's go back," says Joe, "and try her again." And back they went; and home never went more gentle than did their's for the rest of the day.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF A SERPENT.—The beautiful Anaconda now exhibiting at Peale's Museum, is perhaps the most gentle of the serpent kind, and might even be interested by the attachment it evinces to its master, which can only be exceeded by its deep sense of unmerited wrongs—of this latter he has lately given a most striking proof. The other evening a gentleman, either wantonly or for want of thought, struck him with the handle of his umbrella on the head of the other side of the cage, which so enraged the animal, that he made a spring at the person who struck him, and would certainly have destroyed him, had not the cage been strong. The gentleman retired, and the serpent, after a few minutes, became calm, and appeared to be sensible of the danger he had escaped. He crawled to the front of the cage, and looked wistfully at his master, who was standing by, and appeared to implore his protection. The gentleman, who had been alarmed for his safety, was pleased with the animal's gratitude, and caressed him. The serpent, after receiving the caresses of his master, crawled to the back of the cage, and has ever since appeared perfectly reconciled to the gentleman who struck him.—*Boston Gazette.*

A KNOTTY CASE.—Mr. Henson, a shoemaker, who resided at Woodend, near where the village house is now kept, was not remarkable for the acuteness of his mental perceptions. He kept for sale, in the front of his shop, a few little matters most called for by the neighbors; such as beer, candles, fruit, bread, &c. One morning a boy stepped in, and asked the price of beer. He stood talking a few minutes, and finally said that he was sorry he had purchased the beer, and requested Mr. Henson to exchange it for a loaf of bread, as the price was the same. To this the worthy cordwainer readily assented: the boy took the loaf and ate it while in the shop. As he was going out the vender hesitatingly reminded him that he had not paid for the bread.

"Certainly I have paid for the bread, I gave you the beer for it."

"But, then, you haven't paid me for the beer"

"I didn't take the beer. It is before you at this moment."

The worthy Crispinian was astonished. He looked sedately, and rubbed his forehead; but all to no purpose; the case was still a mystery.

"Then," said he, "you gave me the bottle of beer for the bread, and as I still have the bottle of beer I can't demand *pay for that*; but I *had* with—one is now gone, and I have received no money." Then he again gravely considered the matter, and finally, straight broke out with this conclusion. "Sdeath, take it, neighbor, it is just as you say, but I'll be darned if I can see into it."—*Lynn Weekly Messenger.*

NONSENSE ANSWER.—A monk who had introduced himself to the bedside of a dying nobleman, who was at that time in a state of insensibility, continued crying out, "My lord, will you make the grant of such and such a thing to our monastery?" The sick man, unable to speak, nodded his head. The monk turned round to the son. "You see, sir, that my lord, your father, gives his consent to my request." The son immediately answered, "Father, as at your will this I should kick the monk down stairs" The usual nod was given. The young man immediately rewarded the assiduities of the monk by sending him with great precipitation out of the house.

SALE OF BACHELORS.

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dreamed, it was turned into numbers:
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre,
I am sure I never saw any poetry sweeter

It seem'd that a law had been recently made,
That a tax on old Bachelors' pates should be laid;
And in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.

The Bachelors grumbled, and said 'twere no use—
'Twas horrid injustice, and horrid abuse;
And declared that to save their own heart's blood from spilling,
Of such a tax they would never pay a shilling.

But the rulers determined their scheme to pursue,
So they set the old Bachelors up at vendue
A crier was sent through the town, to and fro,
To rattle his bell and his trumpet to blow.

And call out to all he might meet in the way,
Ho, forty old Bachelors sold here to-day;
And presently all the old maids of the town,
Each one in his very best bonnet and gown,

From thirty to sixty, fair, red, and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the sale
The auctioneer then in his labour began,
And cried out aloud as he held up a man.

How much for a bachelor—who wants to buy?
In a twinkling each maiden responded, I, I—
In short, at a very extravagant price,
The old Bachelors were all sold in a trice.

THE GILBERT FAMILY OF BIBBERRY.

NOW LIVING CAPTIVES IN THE YEAR 1790.

We are indebted to the kindness of Samuel, near Frankford, for the use of a printed narrative of the captivity and sufferings of this family. They will be justly supposed to learn, that a family should still be alive in our vicinity, who were captured by the Indians as late as the year 1790, at only a distance of fifty miles from our township—they dwelling, as frontier people then, on Mahoning creek, near its junction with the Lehigh, and on this side of the now celebrated Mauch Chunk settlement. It is wonderful, as it illustrates the rapid settlement and progress of our country, how every where so adorned with successive villages and improved farms—with turnpike roads and splendid coaches—to say that only fifty years ago the same regions afforded a safe and unobserved retreat, from the Lehigh to Niagara, five hundred miles, in a journey of twenty-six days! The captives were Thomas Gilbert, and thirteen more, a respectable, wealthy, and affectionate range of great sorrow, gratification and thankfulness.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

CONSIDERATION.—The insolent civility of a proud man is, if possible, more shocking than his rudeness could be; because he shows you by his manner that he thinks it a mere condescension in him, and that his goodness alone bestows upon you what you have no pretence to claim.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

It is frequently remarked, that the most laudable deeds are performed in the shades of retirement; and to us truth loudly testifies in every page. As act of heroism and patriotism, performed in solitude, where no mortal beholders can reflect the mind, or bestow character, is worth in the eye of impartial observer, whose estimations of excellence is judged agreeable to the standard of the multitude. It was not four score a gentleman was travelling in one of the counties of Virginia, and about the close of the day stopped at a public house to obtain refreshment and spend the night. He had been there but a short time, before an old man alighted from his gig with the apparent intention of becoming a fellow guest with him at the same house. As the old man drove up he observed that both sheets of his gig were linked and that they were held together by wires formed from the bark of a hickory sapling. Our traveller observed further, that he was plainly clad, that his knee buckles were loosened, and that something like confusion pervaded his dress. Conceiving him to be one of the honest yeomanry of our land, the countenances of strangers passed between them, and they entered into conversation—it was about the same time that an address of three or four young men, who had been lately to some college, met, if not all of them, of the legal profession. As soon as they became conveniently accommodated, the conversation was turned by one of the latter upon an elegant harangue which had been displayed at the bar. It was replied to by the other, that he had witnessed the same day a degree of eloquence no doubt equal, but that it was from the pulpit. Something like a sarcastic reparter was made to the eloquence of the pulpit—but a warm and able altercation ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the subject of discussion. From six o'clock until eleven the young champions wielded the sword of argument, adducing with ingenuity and ability every thing that could be said pro and con. During this protracted period the old gentleman listened with all the quickness and intensity of a child, as if he was adding new information to the stores of his mind; or perhaps he was observing with a philosopher's eye the faculties of the youthful mind, and how new energies are evinced by repeated action: or perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation, upon whom those destinies must devolve; or most probably, with a sentiment of a moral and religious feeling, he was collecting an argument which, characteristic of himself, no art would be able to elude, and no force resist. Finally, he reminded a spectator and took no part in what was said.

At last, one of the young men, remarking that it was impossible to combat with long established prejudices, wheeled around and with some familiarity exclaimed, "Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?" If, said the traveller, a streak of vivid lightning had at that moment crossed the room, their amusement could not have been more great than it was at this unexpected. The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made for nearly an hour by the old gentleman that he had ever heard. So perfect was his recollection, that every argument urged against the Christian religion was met in the order in which it was advanced. Home's sophistry on the subject of miracles, was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been done by Campbell. And in the whole lecture there was as much simplicity and energy, pathos and sublimity, that not another word was uttered. An attempt to describe it, said the traveller, would be an attempt to paint the sunbeams. It was immediately a matter of curiosity and inquiry who the old gentleman was. The traveller concluded him to be the preacher, from whom the pulpit eloquence had been heard. But no, it was *John Marshall, the Chief Justice of the United States.*

"SO WAS FRANKLIN."

"O, you're a 'prentice," said a little boy, the other day tauntingly to his companion. The addressed turned proudly around and while the fire of injured pride and the look of pity were stronerly described in his countenance, coolly answered—"So was Franklin!"

This dignified reply struck me forcibly, and I turned to mark the individual who made it. The former, I perceived by his dress, was of a higher class in society than his humble yet more dignified companion. The latter was a sprightly, active lad, scarce twelve years old, and coarsely but cleverly attired. But young as he was, there was visible in his countenance much of genius, manly dignity, and determinate resolution—while that of the former showed only fostered pride, and the inspired superiority of riches.

That little fellow, thought we, gazing at our young hero, displays already much of the man—though his calling be an humble one, and though poverty extends to him her dreary, cheerless reality—still he looks on the brightest side of the scene, and already runs in anticipations from poverty, woe, and wretchedness! Once, "so was *Franklin!*" and the world may one day witness in our little "printer's devil" the great philosopher as they have already seen in his noble pattern! And we paused on, buried in meditation.

The mettle of our infantile philosopher contains much—too much to be forgotten—and should be engraven on the minds of all. What can better cheer man in an humble calling, than the reflection that the greatest and the best of earth—the greatest statesmen—the brightest philosophers—and the proudest warriors—have once graced the same profession!

Look at Cincinnatus! At the call of his country he laid aside the plough, and seized the sword. But after wielding it with entire success—when his country was no longer endangered, and public affairs needed not his longer stay—he "beat his sword into a ploughshare," and returned with honest delight to his little farm.

Look at Washington! What was his course of life? He was first a *farmer*—next, a *commander in chief* of the host of freedom, fighting for the liberation of his country from the thralls of despotic oppression—next, called to the highest seat of government, by his reasoned brethren, a presidency of the country—and lastly, a *farmer* again!

Look at Franklin! He was

"A wight like those who stand before the throne,
Full of the majesty which is to be,
Tall as the thunder pillared, as friend to friend,
And wise as he is brave, calm in debate,
And resolute in action."

What was he? *a printer!* once a menial in a printing office! Poverty stared him in the face—but her blank, hollow look could unclung daunt him. He struggled against a harder current than most are called to encounter, but he did not yield. He grasped manfully onward—bravely buffeted misfortune's billows—and gained the desired haven.

What was the famous Ben Johnson? He was first a *bricklayer or mason!* What was he in after years? The needless to answer.

What was Burns? An Ayrshire ploughman! What was he in after life, in the estimation of his countrymen, and the world? Your library gives the answer.

Reader, do you ever call up in proud array, all the mighty host of worthies that have lived and died—who were cradled in the *lap of penury*, and received their first lessons in the school of affliction? Nay, we have cited instances enough already—yes, more than enough to prove the point in question—namely, that there is no profession, however low in the opinion of the world, but has been honored with earth's greatest and her worthiest.

Then, young man, whatever may be your humble profession, be not disheartened. Diligence and perseverance will surely crown your efforts with success. Many persons have been cast down by the sudden reverse of fortune from affluence to poverty, and have withstood the current of opposition that threatened to overwhelm their fragile bark.

Be you sincere, your humble station, and rejoice that Providence has not placed you in some nobler sphere! Providence has set apart dispensations of his all-wise Creator! Remember that wealth is no criterion of moral rectitude, or intellectual worth—that riches, dishonestly gained, are a lasting curse—that virtue and uprightness work out a rich reward—and that

"An honest man 's the noblest work of God."

And when dark disappointment comes, don't wither at her stare—but press forward—and the prize is yours. It is then you will be, "so was Franklin" with you. He strove for the prize, and he won it! So may you! 'Tis well worth contending for, and success may attend you! and the "stars" will be brighter, as the "stripes" wear deeper.

VALLEY OF BUTTERMILK.—Between six and seven o'clock A. M. we continued our route through woods, and large open patches of ground, and at about eleven in the forenoon arrived at the borders of a deep glen, more wild, romantic and picturesque, than can be conceived. It is enclosed and overhung on all sides by trees of amazing height and dimensions, which hide it in deep shadow. Fancy might picture a rapid, as silent and solemn as this as the abode of gnis and fairies; every thing to render it grand, melancholy and romantic; and the only sounds we heard, old dilapidated castle, a rock with a cave in it, or something of the kind to make it the most interesting place in the universe. There was one beautiful sight, however, which we would not omit mentioning for the world; it was that of an incredible number of butterflies fluttering about us like a swarm of bees; they had chosen this, no doubt, as a place of refuge against the fury of the elements. They were of every kind and hue that ever delighted human imagination: the wings of some were of a shining green, edged and sprinkled with gold, others were of a sky blue and silver, others of purple and gold delightfully tiralaus into each other, and the wings of some were like dark velvet trimmed and braided with lace.—*Lander's Travels.*

DUELLING.—A dispute having arisen in a coffee house at Ait, between M. Meiffred, who has distinguished himself as a political writer, and a young man named Carbonel, a meeting took place in the afternoon of the 31st ult. M. Meiffred having the first fire, wounded his adversary in the right arm, and immediately ran up to him to assist him. M. Carbonel, however, with astonishing coolness, desired that he would return to his station, and then, resting his pistol upon the arm that was wounded, fired the ball passed through the body of M. Meiffred, who fell, and expired a quarter of an hour afterwards. He was on point of marriage with a young lady, who has, in consequence of his untimely fate, been attacked with a brain fever.—*French paper.*

In favor of riding on horseback. Mr. Walsh observes—"With a regard to both health and pleasure, it holds out the strongest inducements. To ladies especially, who stand more in need of exercise to equestrianism than those of the other sex, though all must derive great benefit from them, it must be unanimously recommended. The bloom that rise so beautifully and firmly on the cheeks of English maidens, is mainly the consequence of the constant exercise they take on horseback; which is perhaps better calculated than any thing else to counteract the effects of a fashionable entourage on the complexion.

A company is forming in Paris for the purpose of establishing four Iron Rail-roads; one from Paris to Dieppe and Havre, another from Paris to Lille, a third from Paris to Strasbourg, and the fourth from Paris to Bordeaux. It is also said that no fewer than twenty of the different proposals have been laid before the Minister of the Interior for similar undertakings in different parts of the kingdom.

A tender-hearted landlord, possessed of a lively horse and a no less lively wife, getting out of an article deemed indispensable on these times—sent the aforesaid animals to a neighboring town to procure a quantum of the needful. On their return, the horse perseveringly gotten a spur in the head, and not liking the load, or despising the driver, forthwith set his paces in motion, that the poor boy was unceremoniously ejected from the waggon and the barrel dashed to pieces against a rock. "Oh!" said the landlord, somewhat near to the heart, "I declare, I couldn't keep from wishing that's where I saw the horse coming, and—so am I."—*N. Y. Franklin Advocate.*

The Rev. J. Brazer, while delivering a very impressive sermon at Castle street chapel, Exeter, last Sunday afternoon, related the following tale he said well authenticated awful anecdote:—A short time since, when the marriage rite the name at Wrexham, came on, the clergyman, the clerk of the parish, and the bridegroom fell dead on the spot, after giving out the play, he stared he would conclude with the fame of the Chelsea Shorbeal. On the morning of the day announced he was seized with that fatal disease, and at the time the farce was to have come on, he was lying a lifeless putrid corpse!

ANECDOTE.—In a village in Virginia, not long since, two black boys carried to run their master's carriage between a quarter, according to a usual expedient of their own—to start at the same moment as equalizers, from a common centre, where there was a post. Time—the two horses came in contact—their heads met, and both fell dead upon the spot. The boys escaped unhurt. Such accidents are not uncommon on the course during the Carnival at Rome, where the horses run without riders, propelled by pecking balls, suspended over their backs by ribbons across the back.—*Turf Register.*

ANSWERS OF SHREWDNESS.—An elderly maiden lady, an inmate of a country house, at which Sheridan was passing a few days, expressed an inclination to take a stroll with him, but he excused himself on account of the hideousness of the weather. Shortly afterwards, she met him sauntering on the terrace. "Sir, Mr. Sheridan," said she, "I has cleared up." "Yes, madam," was the reply, "it certainly has cleared up enough for one, but not enough for two," and off he went.—[*Georgian Era, Vol. I.*

COMPASSION.

A shoemaker, waiting one day in the hall,
At a gentleman's house, gave a terrible squall,
And the lap-dog howled from the parlor within,
The lady came out—"O my poor little Fye!
And see how she limps! how she lifts up her leg!
Say, ruffian! are, barbarous man!"
"My lady, my lady, I trust she's not dead,
As I hope to be saved, my paw calls very bad,
I shall walk all my life with a stack:
The tapdog has bit a piece out of my leg."
"Dear me! you don't say so, my poor little Fye.
I hope it will not make her sick."

EXTRACTS from a modern Dictionary.

Preface and Index.—Appendages to a literary work, the former showing what it ought to be, the latter what it really is.

Gentility.—Eating your meat with a three pronged fork, though you have not paid the butcher.

Take a friend's advice.—An expression used by a man when he is going to be impertinent.

Unbiassed opinion.—An opinion, the *selfishness* of which is concealed from the world

The most intelligent child that ever was seen.—*Every man's own child.*

Cur.—A large dog, that goes unchained, and barks at every thing he does not comprehend.

Patron of literature.—A person who subscribes to a periodical literature.—A person who subscribes to a journal, and stops it in a few months without paying his subscription.

"Your humble servant"—A term applied by the writer of a letter to himself which would be the greatest insult if applied by another.

Inquire.—Every body, yet nobody equal to general.

Jury.—Twelve prisoners in a box to try one or more at the bar.

State's evidence.—A wretch who is pardoned for being more than his comrades.

Challenge.—A polite written request from some one of your obedient servants, to give him the opportunity of shooting you through the heart.

Duelling pistol.—A little instrument used by gentlemen in killing each other.

Creditor.—A sensible fellow, who often takes his debtor because he thinks he cannot pay, and puts him where he knows he cannot

Sheep—(from Pythagoras) the soul of a wild cat in the body of a woman.

Manner.—A word difficult to describe. It has been called an imitation from the soul.

Dun.—A two-legged devil with a piece of paper in his hand—a terrible fellow—a monster.

Beauty.—An optical delusion.

ECHO NEAR LAKE GEORGE.—At half a mile's distance from Fort George, immediately on the shore of the Lake, westwardly, are the mounds and trenches which yet mark, with federal distinctness, the site of the yet older Fort of William Henry. The bloody tragedy which marked its fall into the hands of the French, under the Marquis de Montcalm, in 1757, and the massacre of the capitulating garrison of Col. Munroe, was the bloodiest scene ever wantonly enacted on the American continent. The little village of Caldwell stands on the ground of the French encampment. We drove our chaise around to—for even the August evenings are enjoyed—those elevated mounds—and remained to our lodgings.

The only diversion of the evening consisted in testing the capacity of the powerful Echo mentioned in all the guide books. For this purpose a thunderbone was twice loaded and discharged in the direction of a mountain two, on the eastern side of the lake, opposite the hotel. The effect was prodigiously fine. For a moment after the discharge, while the echo was springing from rock to rock, and from mountain to mountain, where the sound was first planted, there was nearly a total silence. Then suddenly the echo was heard, seemingly from a great distance—at least five or six miles to the south—whence it came back in distinct and separate reverberations, as if leaping from glen to glen, louder and yet louder still, until directly opposite the hotel, where the full volume of sound was returned back upon us in all its compass and power. One more report of the gun, and the echo died away, as then it died away in the distance. There was a bridal party on the other side of the lower nave in the Lake tendants were upon the piazza with the listening throng. Very immodestly, therefore, just as the last sounds of the dying echo left the ear, did some malicious wag, solemnly *whisper to heaven* the following lines:

"A wife like echo should be true,
To speak when she is spoken to;
But not like *echo* still be heard,
Contending for the *final word.*"

N. Y. Courier, Adv.

NEATNESS.—Much will attention to order and regularity contribute to the comfort of your husband. Men particularly hate disorder, slovenliness and method: any thing soiled or out of place disconcerts them, and a littered room will make them peevish. Meals should always be ready at a stated hour: a little decision and firmness will soon make your servants punctual. Rise early, give your orders early, breakfast early, be ready to sit down to your work table early. Doing much before twelve o'clock gives you a command of the day, and gets you through it with ease. But seldom to all this order and regularity, if you are fond of bed in bed! "Eight hours of sleep," say our physicians, "are quite enough," and the woman who neglects this rule loses the numerous advantages which early rising produces, would not, I fear, have strength of mind enough to perform more important duties. An hour rescued from sleep *does wonders*; and your health is benefited by it.—*Mother to a new Married Couple.*

PERSEVERING RAT.—The following anecdote of a rat, has been related to us by a lady who vouches for its correctness:—One winter evening, several years ago, she was alarmed by the screams of her youngest child, a girl about three years old, who slept in a small bed room over the pantry closet. She ran to her assistance, and on opening the chamber door, saw a large rat jump from the bed and run into a closet. The face and hands of the girl were besmeared with blood, and on examination it was found that the ends of all her fingers on one hand were gone close off close to the nail. While she remained with the child dressing her wounds, the rat came out of his hole several times with the evident intention of finishing the supper he had so unceremoniously begun. The last time he seemed determined to dispute his passage with the mother, and only retired on the appearance of the husband who had at that moment come home. And even then he did not retire behind the wall, as he went just inside of the hole, and sat down—probably with his back to the wall, as he kept his tail sticking out under the crack a few inches from the table. The man, who loved a joke, immediately seized the tail with one hand, and applied the flame of the candle to it, as nigh the *beginning* as possible. Then he let go his hold and away went the rat, squalling and pulled before, and the man giggled, and pulled behind, until the rat, getting tired of such a warm fire in his rear, concluded to face his enemy. He accordingly turned round and putting his head out of the hole, seized the candle in his mouth and decamped, leaving the skin of his tail in the hands of his adversary; who, moreover, was obliged to watch all night in fear that the rat, after having regaled himself with one end of the candle, would set fire to the house with the other, and run away by the light of it. No mischief was done, however, and the rat was never seen afterwards.—*New Bedford Gaz.*

Splendid Farm for Sale.

WILL be sold to the highest bidder, on Saturday, October 20th next, at 12 o'clock, at the public sale store of Joseph Sharpless, No. 232 Market street, that valuable property, known as the

MOUNT DE FARM,

Late the residence of Joseph Sharpless, deceased. It is situated in Moreland township, Montgomery county, about one mile from Hatboro', on the road to Bethlehem, and about 14 miles from Philadelphia, by the Bristol road. Upon the premises is a large and commodious Stone Mansion House, with all the necessary out buildings, in good repair, and sufficiently large for the accommodation of a large family. There is a never failing supply of excellent water in the yard. There is also a large and productive Garden, containing about two acres of ground, well stocked with fruit trees of the choicest kinds, and in a high state of cultivation. There is also a Meadow, containing about 4 acres, which will be cut previous to the day of sale. The Farm contains about 120 acres, of which about 100 acres are cleared, and in a high state of cultivation, and the residue is well timbered with Oak, Chestnut, Hickory, &c. The improvements are new, and of the most substantial character, consisting of a large and commodious Stone Barn, 100 feet long, with sheds attached, sufficient to accommodate 40 head of cattle, and a large number of horses, with a never failing supply of water in the stables. There is also a Wagon House, Corn Crib, Hog Pen, &c. &c. The whole of the buildings are in good repair—a large and convenient House, nearly new; together with stables, cribs, carriage and wagon houses, &c. &c. Also, a Tenant House, with a garden attached, situated about 100 yards from the Mansion House, and fronting the Bristol road. The house is a two story stone building, 18 feet square, with a cellar under the whole, and is well calculated for the residence of a small family. The property will be shown to any person wishing to purchase, by calling on the subscriber, residing on the premises, or to the subscriber. An indisputable title will be given to the purchaser.

JOSEPH SHARPLESS, Executor.

sept 29—3w*

Fall and Winter Millinery.

C. ADAMS informs her friends and customers that she has received her *FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY*, at 67 Spruce street, corner of Bingham's court, between Third and Fourth streets. sept 29—3t*

CARPENTER'S CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE.

GEO. W. CARPENTER has removed to 295 *Market Street*, a few doors below the old stand, where he will receive all the latter's patrons. He is already prepared to execute orders, and secure the attention of physicians, country merchants and druggists to his establishment. Physicians will find accurate, as heretofore, the most prompt attention, and the case always kept receiving the choicest quality of every article on the most reasonable and accommodating terms.

GEO. W. CARPENTER.

jan 31 1y No. 295 Market st., a few doors below 2d, N. side

Lewis W. Glenn,

MANUFACTURER of Perfumery and Fancy Soaps, No. 84 South Third street opposite the new Exchange, respectfully informs country merchants, grocers, shippers, perfumers and others generally, that he can furnish at a short notice, any quantity of the following articles of the very first quality, and put up in the neatest manner.

Cologne water, in plain and fancy bottles.
Lavender do. Florida do.
Orange Flower and Rose do.
Violet do.
Perfumed Bears' Oil.